HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XIV.—No. 701.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

MAKING ARROWS.

Our illustration on this page represents a group of Indians seated at the door of a frontier fort, and engaged in the work of making arrows, which is generally intrusted by the warrior to his better half. The bow is still the favorite, as it is the natural, weapon of the Western Indian. He may become very expert with the rifle, and is now rarely without a breech-loader of the most recent and best pattern, as well as a couple of heavy revolvers. On foot he will use these with great skill; but on horseback, and especially when in rapid retreat, he instinctively takes to the bow, which he handles with marvelous dexterity. He always tries to keep to the right of his pursuer, and if the chase becomes too sharp, he will slip on one side, so as to bring the body of his pony between himself and his enemy, and, grasping his bow and five or six arrows in the left hand, will discharge them with such rapidity that sometimes two or three arrows will be flying through the air at once, a peculiar motion of the fingers of the left hand bringing an arrow to the string the instant one has been discharged. The range for a good bow varies from three to four hundred yards, and a strong man has been known to drive an arrow-head through an inch plank at a distance of one hundred yards.

Indian arrows are always made of ash or hickory, toughness being an essential quality. In ancient times the heads were rudely hammered out of flint, but now they are made from hoop-iron, and are of course much more effective.—For hunting, the string-notch is made parallel with the flat of the arrow-head, to keep it in the best position for piercing between the ribs of the buffalo and other game; while for war, the notch is at right angles with the flat of the arrow-head, to accommodate the position of the ribs in the human body. War-arrows are sometimes, though rarely, poisoned, either with the venom of the rattlesnake or by being inserted in putrid flesh, and afterward dipped in a kind of glue, which protects the poison until moistened by the victim's blood. A means of death quite as effective as poison are grooves cut in the wood of the arrows, which prevent the wound from closing tight, and allow the blood to drain slowly but surely away, as the arrow can not be withdrawn. The Indian in our illustration is probably engaged in the work of cutting these murderous grooves.

MAKING ARROWS.—[Drawn by W. M. Cary.]

MAN AND BEAST.

The relation between man and his cotenants of the globe would have been altogether delightful but for one unlucky circumstance—a circumstance which, far from being inevitable or natural, is one of the insoluble problems of the earth, and has caused a terrible jar and discord in creation—namely, the fact that one animal is food for another. No doubt, as matters stand, beasts and birds of prey must follow their nature; the tearing of flesh and the picking of bones are the correlatives of fangs and grinders, beaks and talons; and the comparative anatomist is compelled to coincide with that practical Yankee who, being told that in the days of the millenium the lion and the lamb will lie down together, said, "he expected the lamb would lie down inside the lion." Nor is there any sign of relaxation in the vigor with which man continues to devour fish, flesh, and fowl; and no individual human stomach reaches maturity without sacrificing whole hecatombs of victims by the way.

The earliest trace of man on the earth is the flint weapon with which he slew the bear, the deer, and the beaver, whose bones strew the site of his dwellings. His first garments were torn from the backs they grew on. His first business was the chase. It was perhaps in this way that the germ of destructiveness, implanted by instant and ever-pressing necessity in the aboriginal breast, struck such deep root that, in all succeeding ages, every corner of the inhabited earth has been a shambles. In the pride of that power which, through the faculty of speech, man possesses, of combining forces and transmitting knowledge, he has exercised ruthlessly his dominion over the beast of the field and the fowl of the air. Wherever he has held sway, there have all other creatures drawn their painful breath in subjection, unchampioned and unpitied. If in an imaginary paradise of animals we simply introduce the figure of a native, the whole scene changes. That lean, low-browed, flat-nosed caricature of humanity, more like a painter's lay-figure than a sculptor's model—full of propensities much viler than those of the animals around him—selfish, remorseless, faithless, treacherous, is monarch of all he surveys. The birds have learned the power of the poisoned arrow—the beasts have a wholesome dread of the ambush and the snare. That bronze-colored being, distinguished from the ape chiefly by superior malevolence and articulate speech, walks surrounded by a wide circle of fear. The creatures around him have learned, and taught their young, the lesson that he is as malignant as he is powerful. Only give him time, and he will depopulate whole regions of their animals. The gigantic moa no longer stalks over the hills of New Zealand. The moose disappears from the east of the American continent as the buffalo from the west. South Africa, that used to teem with wild herds, crowding the wide landscape up to the horizon, and astounding the traveler with the magnificent spectacle of tribes of antelopes, zebras, and giraffes hiding the plain, elephants and rhinoceros browsing securely amidst the clamps of trees, and hippopotami swarming in the rivers, has, since the negroes were supplied with guns, been almost swept of its game, and in some cases not only have the birds disappeared, but the very moles and mice are growing scarce. In fact, in all the lands the savage gluts himself with slaughter. Nor is his civilized brother behind him in the propensity to destroy, which nothing but the interest of proprietorship avails to check. Sometimes, in distant seas, new tracts of coast have been discovered abounding in seals, and straightway crews of enterprising mariners have arrived armed with spears and clubs, who have wallowed in slaughter, never ceasing to stab and strike till all that hapless and harmless life was extinct, no tenants again forever lending cheer to those desolate shores, the gray lonely sea no more rippled by their sports.—Wherever there is no law for the river or the lake, the inhabitants of the flood disappear—even the countless tribes of the ocean are being rapidly thinned by the insatiate rapacity of man.

But not for his bodily needs alone has the human animal been so lavish in destroying others. His spiritual interests have also demanded much of that kind of prodigality. A devil, under one name or another, lies at the root of many religions; and many, in their infancies, have recognized the duty of propitiating the unseen powers by sacrifice. In most lands the supplications of the savage to his deity are written in blood; and his petitions, often foolish and often wicked, are thought to be more palatable if they ascend in the smoke of burnt-offerings. As civilization advances, sacrifice grows more ceremonial—butchery becomes a priestly function; and the ancient world was filled with blood-stained altars, the mythology of its peoples with prescribed modes of reveren-

tial slaughter, and the assignment to particular deities of particular victims. "Moloch, horrid king," has been worshiped, though not always under that name, in many lands and in many ages; his grinning image has looked down on Druids with their wicker idols filled with victims, and on Aztec priests laying hearts yet beating on his altar-stone. Even in our day, his votary the Thug makes assassination the chief article of religion, and the king of Dahomey floats his consecrated canoe in human blood.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1870.

☞ A very interesting account of BAKER'S TRAVELS IN ABYSSINIA, *superbly Illustrated from his own sketches, was commenced in the* WEEKLY *for May 28, and is continued in the present Number. This will be followed, when completed, by similar narratives of* TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE *in other countries, both savage and civilized, illustrating, with pen and pencil, whatever is interesting, curious, and noteworthy in their scenery, and the manners, customs, and occupations of the inhabitants. The Publishers believe that this novel and instructive department will be one of the most entertaining and popular attractions ever laid before their readers.*

☞ Arrangements have been made to furnish Cut Paper Patterns of the beautiful Single Costumes which appear from time to time in HARPER'S BAZAR, *at the low rate of Twenty-five Cents for the entire Costume. The Pattern of the Street Suit in* HARPER'S BAZAR *No. 22, for May 28, is now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents.—News-dealers supplied at the usual discount.*

THE SITUATION.

WHEN the Republican members of the New York Legislature made a bargain with the Tammany Ring we ventured to suggest that they had made a mistake; and when they pleaded that they had secured an efficient election law as the consideration, it was evident that they chose to forget the politics and the politicians of the city. The bargain was completed. The city was literally bound and delivered to the Ring; and now an election has taken place. It is confessedly the most unblushingly corrupt that was ever known. There was not a pretense of honesty. In certain wards there were three or four times as many votes cast as there are legal voters. Repeaters marched in squads from poll to poll. It was the most shameless travesty of a popular election; the total overthrow of popular government. Of course the Ring exclaimed next morning that the city had done "nobly." Of course it characteristically insinuated that the colored voters had done all the cheating. And the country has now had another illustration of the character and tendency of Democratic rule.

The election of the 17th of May was tentative. The Ring wished to try its power under its new system. That system, which the Republican members of the Legislature helped to establish, is intended to secure the election of the next President by determining the vote of the State of New York. It is supposed that in the reaction which is expected to follow the final victory of the Republicans in the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment the electoral vote of so many States will be changed that New York may turn the scale. If that should be so—if it should happen that New York decided the election, as in 1844, and it were known that the vote of the State had been determined by the frauds in the city—there is not a sensible man in the Union who does not see the nature of the peril that would threaten us. The leaders of the rebellion and their political friends would have come into power by open fraud. It is unnecessary to point out the possible consequences.

When the candidates for judges who have been successful were nominated, Mr. RICHARD O'GORMAN, one of the Tammany managers, declared that Democratic magistrates were wanted upon the highest bench in New York for party purposes. These purposes involved differences with the government of the United States springing out of the rebellion. The hope of politicians was that the State might be arrayed against the nation. The Democratic withdrawal of assent to the Fifteenth Amendment in New York, and opposition in the Senate of the United States to the provisions for enforcing the amendment, are the offspring of the same spirit. The Democratic hostility at every point in the State and in the nation is founded upon the political theories which the war was supposed to have settled. It has been said that in the late New York election old issues were wisely forgotten. The truth is, that no issues were discussed. It is perfectly well known that the political body called Copperhead has not in the least changed its views upon any point of the war; and the very paper which a few weeks before was vociferous about "war to the knife" upon the Ring, strenuously supported the candidates which the Ring had given to its party. The election over, the same paper which recently declared that the Democratic party, handicapped with the Ring, could not possibly hope for success, now that the rule of the Ring is more inflexible and assured than ever, exults in what it considers to be the prospect of sure Democratic victory.

Neither the people of this State nor of the country should be deceived. Old issues can not be set aside until they are settled. The mere ascendency of a party, and the adoption of certain measures, do not set them aside. Nothing disposes of a political issue but general acquiescence. There is, indeed, one point in our controversy which has been settled, and that is emancipation. No party wishes or would try to restore chattel slavery. But is the political equality of all citizens a settled issue? No one who is familiar with Democratic politics asserts it. Some Democrats think it ought to be settled; but they do not deny that the party has not acquiesced. Is the honest payment of the debt a settled issue? Is what is called State Sovereignty a settled issue? On the contrary, the great questions of the war, excepting that of personal servitude, are still open. No Democratic convention has heartily expressed acquiescence in their settlement; nor is there any body who does not know that, if the Democratic party came into power, every one of those questions might instantly become threatening.

It is not a time, therefore, to assume that the old things having passed away, all things have become new; and that it is not of very vital importance whether or not the Democratic party is successful. Old things have not passed away. So tremendous a civil convulsion as the war can not suddenly subside and leave it, in five years, a matter of indifference to the country whether those who strove to destroy it shall control its government. It is the forgetfulness of this fact in Washington, and by many leading Republican papers, which has caused an appearance of discord in the party. The West Indian policy of the Administration, for instance, is a mistake. The sincerest Republicans are opposed to it. By dividing the sentiment of the party, it tends to keep open and unsettled the paramount domestic questions. Indifference to the civil service reform is another blunder. The country is heavily taxed. There is a conviction that the system of the public service is loose and wasteful, to say no more. A reformed civil service is a proposition for economy and honesty which every taxpayer can understand. He would favor it. But "the politicians" have thus far baffled it.

The enormous frauds at the New York polls, which the Democratic party could prevent, and does not, are now an essential weapon of that party for securing its ascendency in the country. With that ascendency comes no acquiescence in the settlements of the war, but the bitterest hostility to them. With that ascendency comes possible repudiation and the attempt to invalidate the Fifteenth Amendment. Could there be any political catastrophe more to be deprecated? Upon what principle of patriotism or honor does any Republican excuse his indifference? What conceivable advantage to the welfare of the country is promised by Democratic success? The sole hope of the undisturbed industry and prosperity of the Union lies in the continued predominance of the Republican party.

LABOULAYE AND THE EMPIRE.

THE rumored appointment of M. EDOUARD LABOULAYE as Minister of Public Instruction in France has excited a great deal of surprise in this country. M. LABOULAYE is so well known to us as a Liberal—he was so intelligently and strenuously a friend of this country during its contest with the slave power, that such a rumor is believed to be curiously erroneous, or to indicate a total renunciation of liberal principles. It is not supposed, however, that the telegraph was in error in reporting that M. LABOULAYE had written a letter in favor of voting Aye upon the late proposition of the Emperor; and it is known that his son has been appointed Secretary of Legation to the Imperial Embassy at Constantinople. As M. LABOULAYE is not accustomed to conceal his sentiments, and has doubtless expressed them fully in his letter upon the *plebiscitum*, and as we chance to know exactly what they are, from his unreserved correspondence with friends in this country, it is only fair that his position should be accurately stated. Much of the public correspondence of American newspapers from France is so violently partisan that it is extremely interesting to have the views of a French Liberal leader like LABOULAYE.

M. OLLIVIER, the Prime Minister, is one of LABOULAYE'S friends, and LABOULAYE himself has been placed upon several of the legislative commissions not only for the sake of his advice, but of his name, and he has not felt it to be his duty to decline. Mere political forms have evidently little value for him in contrast with political advantages. He is willing to serve his country and what he believes to be the cause of liberty in the most promising way; and he does not hesitate to say that he prefers the liberal empire to the republic with which those who call themselves republicans threaten France. LABOULAYE thinks that the French Reds, as they are called, or extreme republicans of the ROCHEFORT type who lead the movement, are heirs of all the madness of the Revolution, and are the most despotic of men. Their dream, in his judgment, is to establish a single assembly which should govern France at its pleasure; and LABOULAYE is suspected by them because he insists that two chambers are essential to the liberty of the country. He is very sure that in the United States there is no conception of the ignorance of the French republicans as a body. They have, in his view, no taste for religious liberty nor for liberty of education; and are the most intolerant of men. When he tells them that the object of the constitution of a free country is to secure the liberty of the people and to impose upon the legislative power limits which it can not pass, they look at him in amazement and can not understand him.

In a word, LABOULAYE thinks that the chances of progressive liberty in France are surer under LOUIS NAPOLEON, with the changes in the Constitution, than they are under a revolution. Therefore, when the proposition of the change was made, and the republicans announced that they should vote No, and that No meant revolution and the overthrow of the empire, LABOULAYE was sure that they had secured the success of the Emperor, because no nation ever deliberately accepts revolution. He was confident that all the peasants would vote for the Emperor, because he is a NAPOLEON; and all the moderates, because, after fourteen or fifteen revolutions in eighty years, they fear anarchy. The *plebiscitum* was a dilemma. One side or the other must be taken. And LABOULAYE took that which seemed to him to promise most for France and liberty. True liberty, he holds, is the liberty of the citizen; and in France, under the conditions of to-day, he has no question whatever that that liberty is more secure under a liberal empire than under a despotic republic.

In this very honest feeling lies the explanation of his conduct; and in the conviction of his sincere support of the empire as the least of two evils we may find the explanation of the rumor or the fact of the Emperor's offer. At this distance, and in the necessary ignorance of the real situation, LABOULAYE'S position will be honorably interpreted by those who know and respect him, from their confidence in his character and perceptions. It is not necessarily those who most loudly vociferate "Republic! Republic!" who are the best friends of the liberty of the citizen; and whatever may be thought of the conduct of the new ministry in France, no man can wonder that a country hesitates to vote for the whirlwind, with M. HENRI ROCHEFORT to ride upon it.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

THE spring trade is nearly over; but owing to light stocks held by country dealers throughout the season, of nearly all commodities, purchases are still necessary, and the prospect is that the trade will be prolonged to an unusual extent; although none suppose that the aggregate will equal that of any year since the termination of the war. The losses upon goods this year have fallen upon the importers and jobbers, more than upon dealers in the interior, and the latter are regarded as being in improved circumstances. It is, however, thought that, taking the whole United States into view, and all classes of employments, our trade and industry for the last eight months have not been profitable.

Considering the situation this year, it seems to be admitted that we manufacture too many goods, and yet the production is below the power of the country in nearly all the departments, except fine broadcloths and silks. An unusual stimulus was given to manufactures of wool for men's wear by the necessities of the war, and notwithstanding the large immigration into this country, the manufacture exceeds the wants of the population. So far as cotton goods are concerned, they are now generally produced in excess of the wants of the country. The South was obliged to diversify its industry, and has established numerous mills for the manufacture of domestics, which, in the coarser fabrics, compete successfully with older establishments. Prints and domestics are produced too extensively. Prints, owing to their being depressed unusually low, have lately advanced in price; but domestics have fallen perhaps two per cent. within about a month. A slight change in the make of skirts for under garments has had an effect upon the consumption of cotton goods. Instead of being made full, they are now universally gored, with a saving of a yard or more of the fabric in each garment. As the number which wear them may be estimated at ten millions, some having two, and the more favored as many as twenty, of these articles, the saving is immense, and on the score of safety against fire, is very important. If the whole population were profitably employed, it is barely possible that there might be such an improved demand for these manufactures as to keep the mills at work with advantage; but at present there is an excess of production, which communicates uncertainty to business. Some woolen manufacturers produce special articles which are sold ahead; but these are exceptions.

We lately gave an account of the condition of the carpet manufacturers who make the commonest description of ingrains, showing that they were dropping off, one after another, as their looms became disengaged, in the hope that in the course of the summer they would be at work again to prepare for the fall trade. Brussels carpets of the best styles and make are in demand, due to the fact that the importation slackened after January, owing to the depressed condition of trade for some time after the season had opened.

The depressed condition of trade, until the rebound in gold from 110⅞, which was about its lowest point, was due to the fact that the price of nearly all productions kept pace with the descent in gold. The grain producer and dealer felt it first in the Northern States, and the cotton planter in the Southern. As the trade of the country turns upon their success, so their weakness is communicated to the whole Union.

The respective localities where breadstuffs and cotton are produced were differently influenced by the fall in gold. In the South, owing to the price received for the cotton crop of the year 1868–69, and to a community of interest among the people of the Cotton States, the effort to keep up the price was made under favorable circumstances, in which they were powerfully aided by the belief that the whole surplus would be required by foreign manufacturers. It appears, from the returns made in England for the first three months of the year, that the excess of cotton cloth exported within that time exceeds the export for the same period in 1869 to the extent of 79,000,000 yards, and the like excess in exports of cotton yarns amounted to 4,000,000 pounds. But, what is equally important, the population of Great Britain, which suffered severely from the great panic of 1866, have been for some months in an improved condition, and have become consumers of their own manufactures. At a meeting of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, held in the latter part of April, the improvement was commented upon, and it was apparent, as other sources of supply had partially failed, that there would be a necessity for taking the whole surplus of cotton raised in this country.

When the export of the crop of last year commenced it was supposed that it would amount to about 2,700,000 bales; but within the last month it has for the first time been evident that it would reach 3,000,000 bales. If its full extent had been known at the outset, the difficulty in maintaining the price would have been greater. At the time of the raid in September middling cotton was about 29 cents, to which price it had fallen from 35 cents. Its fall to only about 22 cents, while gold had fallen from, say, 132 to 110⅞, was due to favorable circumstances, and to a combination which embraced the whole financial strength of the Cotton States.

We have already referred to the fact stated in the London *Economist*, that the improved condition of English trade and manufactures was owing to the prolonged period of cheap bread. Soon after the raid of September struck the Northern States the dealers in grain became weak, and they were unable to uphold its price, which went down even lower than conformity to the subsequent fall in gold required. The London and Liverpool dealers were able to offset the failure to put down cotton to the limits expected, by the success with which, aided by the fall in gold and the great consequent depression here, they were able, from time to time, to lower their limits in purchasing grain from New York. The slaughter of this great interest of the Northwest was complete. Shipments of grain were made from St. Louis by way of New Orleans; but recent advices show that very little arrived at Liverpool in good order. Suits for damage have been commenced on this account, and it is probable that this experiment is now at an end.

Recent advices from the other side show that, owing to the necessity of calling upon grain in warehouse, and the refusal of farmers in England to sell on account of bad prospects for the growing crop, there has been an advance of two shillings per quarter. Later advices, however, state that the weather had improved and prices were stationary. It is reasonable, however, to hope that, from the wants of the other side, and the probability that the pressure upon gold, if continued, will no longer be successful, that the trade of the country for the residue of the year will stand on an improved basis.

SECTS AND POLITICS.

THE mission to Rome was always unnecessary, and was wisely abolished some years ago. When the bill for diplomatic appropriations came up the other day in the House, Mr. JAMES BROOKS moved to restore it, and to omit the mission to Guatemala. A very acrid debate immediately followed, provoked by the gross misrepresentation which Mr. BROOKS made of a remark of Mr. DAWES. That gentleman said that we had very little commercial intercourse with Rome, where we have a consul, and that the reason urged by his colleague, Mr. BANKS, namely, that it was a "spiritual power," was the very reason why we should not have political relations with it. It was a very true and proper remark, and should have settled the question. But Mr. BROOKS and his friends, Mr. COX and Mr. VOORHEES, wanted to make

political capital by seeming to favor a friendly policy toward the seat of the Roman Catholic primacy. Mr. Brooks immediately fell upon Mr. Dawes, as representing "the Puritan element," and as preferring Turkey to Rome, the Moslem to the Christian; upon which Mr. Dawes fell back upon Mr. Brooks, and pulverized him. Mr. Bingham made a vigorous attack upon the Pope's Syllabus, following it up by a sneering denial of the claims of Rome to be the patron of science and the mother of arts; and he said some very plain, but very irrelevant truths of the Papacy.

The engagement now became general. Mr. Voorhees tried to give a personal turn to Mr. Bingham's remarks, and charged the Republican party with "never loving" the Roman Catholic foreigner. He also laid about him lustily with sneers at Massachusetts, as the State in which witches and convents were burned. Mr. Hoar, of that State, replied, correcting Mr. Voorhees in his history; stating that no human being had ever been burned at the stake within the limits of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, and showing that Massachusetts was just as responsible for the mob that burned the Ursuline Convent as New Jersey for the mob that attacked Miss Edith O'Gorman the other evening at Madison, or as the State of New York for the shooting of Mr. Richardson. Mr. Hoar ended by suggesting that complaints of ancient cruelties came with an ill grace from those whose political friends had burned alive our soldiers at Fort Pillow, and had burned orphan asylums and hung negroes in New York. Mr. Voorhees replied that every word was false, and refused to withdraw his assertion. His words were taken down and ruled out of order, and Mr. Hoar's were also taken down, and ruled to be pungent, but not unparliamentary.

This debate shows how considerable and inflammable an element Roman Catholicism is becoming in our politics. Those who belong to that sect are the only citizens who, as a sect, make political demands, and propose fundamental political changes. It is ill advised, as we have always shown. They are also the only citizens among whom there is the open intolerance of public discussion, which is shown by the riots which attend the lectures of Miss O'Gorman. They may be very false and foolish lectures, but a riot is not the remedy for falsehood and folly. Meanwhile the pernicious obtrusion of a religious sect into politics is encouraged by such conduct as that of Mr. Brooks and his companions. It is perhaps quite safe to say that if Mr. Brooks had not known that very many of his constituents were Roman Catholics he would not have moved to restore the mission to Rome; and a more pitiful political performance it is not easy to imagine in an American representative. It is one of the most disgraceful events of the session. But it is full of suggestion.

Dr. LANAHAN AND THE BOOK CONCERN.

A wrong course will never end well. Hogarth has illustrated this truth with a great deal of vigor, but not more pointedly than the Committee of the Methodist Book Concern. It is now nearly a year since there were rumors of fraud in the management of the publication department of that institution. The character of the officers, the honor of the denomination, and public opinion demanded prompt investigation. It was no secret within the denomination, although it was not much known beyond it, that in the management of the secular affairs of the Church there is a "Ring." This Ring holds the money and controls the press. Its power is necessarily enormous. It aspires to manage, if not to appoint, the very Bishops themselves. To hint at frauds was to defy the Ring. It was to summon it before the bar of public opinion, and to earn its relentless hatred. But the charges having been made, an investigation was unavoidable. It took place, and the result was a report that the egg was not very bad. Of course this only provoked still further remark, and excited the very gravest suspicion that there was not only fraud, but a determination to conceal it. Unable to resist the just discontent of the denomination, and the universal ridicule and denunciation of the press, there was another investigation announced. The result of this was a majority report that the egg was perfectly sound. No proof was offered, however, and the assertion was to be taken wholly upon the authority of those who had made it, and who had made a very different statement some weeks before.

But there was a minority report, sustained by ample evidence, declaring that the egg was very bad indeed; and, unless the evidence was spurious, there could be no question of the fact. There was no attempt to invalidate the evidence; and there is probably no disinterested person in the country, who has read the documents, who is not satisfied that there have been gross frauds in the management of the Concern. Probably also no such person supposed that the officer who had exposed the delinquencies would be suffered to escape the vengeance of those who held that he had brought a scandal upon the denomination. Ecclesiastical hostility is unsparing. It may work in secret, but it does not sleep. Therefore, although it is some weeks since the conclusive exposure of the frauds in the minority report, it is only now that the blow of revenge has fallen.

The discovery of the frauds was made by Dr. Lanahan, the junior book agent. This agent is appointed for four years, and he may be removed for misconduct, after trial before the Book Committee and two Bishops, upon the consent of the Bishops and a majority of the Committee. Pending the trial the accused may be suspended; and four members of the Committee may call it together for action. This has been done. Charges were prepared against Dr. Lanahan; the Committee was summoned; and as we write the result of its deliberation is not announced. As its spirit is known, however, it is easy to foretell its action. Dr. Lanahan will probably be suspended until a convenient season for the trial, meanwhile remaining under such disgrace as suspension by a Committee acting in such a spirit, for such a purpose, can inflict.

But Dr. Lanahan's suspension will be like De Foe's condemnation to the pillory. He stood there, indeed; but the people threw him roses instead of stones, and it was plain that it was his accusers who were truly pilloried. The people drank his health, and repeated his own words:

> "Tell them the men that placed him here
> Are scandals to the times;
> Are at a loss to find his guilt,
> *And can't commit his crimes.*"

Such will be the feeling of the honest people of this country, who see a faithful officer punished for telling disagreeable truths, and for showing his religious denomination that it was dishonored by the practices of those whom it trusted. If Dr. Lanahan is not suspended it will be because the Committee do not care to encounter the universal public censure of their conduct. If he is suspended, he will be punished for doing his duty. And who will have brought the scandal upon the Church will then be plain enough.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.

The late debate in the Senate upon the proposition to reduce the appropriation for the Department of Education shows a very divided opinion upon the question of a national supervision of education. This question was not directly under consideration, but it was necessarily touched by the remarks that were made. The present Department is substantially a statistical bureau. In 1868 the Secretary of the Interior struck at it by stating in his report that some of the information to be acquired by the Department is provided in other ways; that the new census will show full educational statistics; that the information is not necessary to enable Congress to discharge its duties; and that education is a subject to be regulated by the different States, and not by the National Government. In the late brief debate Senator Ferry, of Connecticut, opposed any department of education, and said that the present bureau had no authority whatever, and could only solicit information. To which Senator Schurz well replied that, while he would not give the sole educational direction of the country to a central department, he was very much in favor of a central depository of official and accurate information upon every branch of the subject, derived from every State and from foreign countries. And the immense value of such a depository, even if nothing more were attempted, is evident.

Senators Corbett, Sprague, and Yates expressed themselves in favor of a national system of education. But whatever may be thought of the wisdom of such an establishment, there are certain facts which demand reflection. In commenting upon the report of the New York Superintendent of Public Instruction, some weeks since, we spoke of the three hundred thousand wholly uneducated children in New York as so many dangers to the State. In Pennsylvania, as we learn from the speech of the Hon. William F. Prosser, of Tennessee, there was more than twice as much money spent for education during the last year as in all the Southern States; yet the Governor speaks of seventy-five thousand children still unprovided for. The school system of Wisconsin is admirable; but the Governor reports fifty thousand children attending no school whatever. Mr. Prosser has prepared a table from the various returns, computing the illiterate adults in the country at nearly six millions; and those between ten and twenty who are illiterate, and those under ten who have no prospect of education, at four millions five hundred thousand.

Mr. Prosser very properly calls this a "solemn array of figures," and it is a question which deserves the most serious consideration, whether there is any subject which more truly belongs to the country at large than the education of the people. Senator Ferry thinks that any thing which would tend to divert the attention and interest of the people from the local means of education in the States would be "entirely disastrous." That is an assertion not admitting of qualification. But if the attention and interest of the people in the State machinery can effect no more than the results stated by Mr. Prosser, it is clearly an imperative question, Which is the more disastrous to the country, ten millions of illiterate adults and children, or some system of national supervision of education supplementary to that of the States?

THE LAST FARCE.

The chief accusation against the New York Ring urged by the *World* was corruption. The *World* said last November that its editor saw "by what shameless and cunning frauds such corruptionists of the Ring as William M. Tweed and Oakey Hall cut down below its level the rightful vote," etc., etc. Mr. Creamer, the legislative orator of the "*World's* war" upon the Ring, appealed to the Senate not to continue "that system which has made the city of New York a disgrace to the country, and the by-word and laughing-stock of those who sneer at republican government.... What a farce it is for us to sit here and legislate as representatives in a republican government when the election system upon which such a government rests has been undermined, and is as corrupt as hell!"

Certainly if there be any vital point in our political system it is the purity of the ballot-box. When that goes, all goes. The *World* claims to be a respectable paper. It knows where the corruption is and who the corruptionists are. It might, therefore, be supposed that it would heartily welcome any serious proposition to secure honest elections. But that supposition would be entertained only by those who had not seen the steady assistance which the *World*, by sneering at the suspicion of frauds, and by charging that the other party is as bad as its own, always gives to the Ring and its corruption at elections. The latest illustration of the sincerity of its desire to purify the ballot-box is its reception of Senator Sherman's proposition to defend the rights of the people at the polls. It is characteristic of the urbanity and decency of the paper that denounces "shameless corruptionists," and then zealously does their work.

"What does this howl about the necessity of Congress reconstructing the ballot-boxes of this city mean? Is it seriously meant that these fellows [the Congress of the United States] do not mean to lose their hold on the throats of the people? ....? ......the baffled and stung trooly loil must have a care how they talk of putting the bayonet to New York...... The people of these United States have endured too much from Radicalism," etc. Certainly; they have endured from Radicalism the subjugation of a rebellion with the *World's* "Christian gentleman" and "great captain" at its head. They have endured from Radicalism the abolition of slavery, which the *World's* party tried to perpetuate and extend. They have endured from Radicalism the maintenance of the public faith and honor. They have endured from Radicalism the enthusiastic election to the Presidency of the soldier who overcame the "Christian gentleman," and was therefore called by the *World* "butcher." They have endured from Radicalism the salvation of their national life, and the elevation of their national name to an unprecedented glory. These things the people of the United States have endured from Radicalism, as they endured from the *World* and its party the support of the most infamous crimes against human nature, the utter disgrace of the national name, and the attempted destruction of the Union and the government. We deny the right of an apologist for the rebellion and the defamer of its greatest soldiers to speak for the people of the United States.

PARLIAMENT AND WOMEN.

The defeat of Mr. Jacob Bright's bill in Parliament, extending the suffrage to a certain class of women, has been reported. It was lost by 126 majority, and the defeat was received with loud cheering. We suppose that nobody seriously anticipated any other result. A great political change is not made upon grounds of equity, nor even of probable public advantage; but only upon a strenuous demand. The rule in government is, that all is right until a change is threateningly demanded. The reformer may prove, unchallenged, the injustice of the actual situation; but, until the injustice grinds so that there is an outcry, or an evident danger, nothing is likely to be done. Statesmen naturally plead that they can not hunt up hypothetical evils. When they become real, they say, it is time enough to deal with them. The duty of every reformer, therefore, who advocates so great a change as that involved in the demand for the equal political power of women, is to show that their exclusion is injurious to the public welfare. This must be done by a presentation of the actual, unjust inequalities of the law, and by moral considerations, which can not hope for any speedy influence upon affairs, but which gradually mould them by affecting public opinion.

Mr. Gladstone is reported as saying, merely, that there was no demand nor desire for the bill. He did not evidently think it worth while to enter upon the merits of the question, and did not say that the demand was in itself improper, or unnatural. Indeed, his famous statement of the true limits of the elective franchise did not necessarily exclude women. What Mr. Gladstone now says, Mr. Sumner has said in this country, and it is often put in a more positive form, namely: that when there is a general demand from women themselves, it will be granted. This is an immense concession; for it is a confession that there is no essential and incontrovertible reason against it. The subject, therefore, is especially the concern of women. To arouse their own sex and the public their efforts must be directed, aided, as they will be, in this country and in England, by those of the present political class who believe their claim to be just and, therefore, expedient. Meanwhile the fact that the question has been submitted to the voters of Vermont, and has been seriously presented in Parliament, shows that it must now be considered a recognized political question.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

May 16.—In the Senate, the Appropriation bills and the Franking bill were passed over, after some discussion, for the purpose of taking up the bill for the enforcement of the Fifteenth Amendment, on which there was a long debate, but no action.—A large number of new bills were introduced in the House, among them one allowing women to be appointed census marshals. A general amnesty bill was introduced by Mr. Cox, and, after some debate, referred to the Reconstruction Committee. A bill enforcing the intent and purposes of the Fifteenth Amendment was passed by a vote of 131 to 44, without debate.

May 17.—In the Senate, nearly the whole day was taken up with debate on the bill to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment.—The House discussed the bill to revive commerce, but took no action upon it.

May 18.—Scarcely any thing was done in the Senate. The two bills—House and Senate—to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment were discussed without action.—In the House, a bill was introduced and passed to allow discharged soldiers and sailors to enter quarter sections of land, under the Homestead act, in the alternate reserved sections along the line of railroads and other public works to which lands have been granted.

May 19.—In the Senate, a memorial from citizens of Rhode Island was presented, asking Congress to do away with the property qualification now binding upon naturalized white voters, and notification was given of the proposed introduction of a bill upon this subject. Most of the day was occupied with the debate on the Fifteenth Amendment bill.—In the House, a resolution was introduced in reference to compelling Mexico to fulfill her treaty obligations. A sharp debate took place on an amendment to the Diplomatic Appropriation bill providing for the appointment of a minister at Rome. The amendment was not adopted.

May 20.—Beyond agreeing to adjourn on July 15, the Senate did nothing but discuss the Fifteenth Amendment bill.—In the House, the Senate resolution fixing the time of final adjournment was concurred in. A bill was passed appropriating $190,000 from the Japanese Indemnity fund for the compensation of the officers and men of the *Kearsarge* for the destruction of the *Alabama*. The amount already received for bounties is to be deducted.

May 21.—The Senate bill to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment, after undergoing so many modifications as to be past all recognition, was passed in the Senate by a vote of 43 to 8, in place of the House bill.—No business of public importance was transacted in the House.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The election in this State on Tuesday, May 17, resulted in the triumph of the Democratic party, by about 70,000 majority.

The Indians are still actively hostile on the Plains. A raid was recently made on the workmen employed on the Kansas Pacific Railway, between Kit Carson and Willow Springs, and ten of them were killed. During the last week in April nine murders were committed by Indians in Arizona.

The Canadian steamer *Chicora*, of the Red River expedition, has been refused passage through the Sault Ste. Marie Canal. Canadian papers are indignant at the refusal, and threaten the construction of a canal round the Sault Ste. Marie on British ground, and the suspension of all privileges enjoyed by American vessels in Canadian canals. The London *Observer* denounces this refusal of the United States as an act of studied unfriendliness.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The third race between the *Sappho* and the *Cambria* was won on the 18th of May by the former. The London *Times* admits that no schooner in England can sail with the *Sappho*, which, it adds, was sailed and handled by an English captain and a crew under his personal direction.

The crown of Spain has been accepted by Espartero, who is nearly eighty years old.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of May 18 declares the facts sustain the most unfavorable estimate of Captain Eyre's conduct in the *Oneida* disaster. The Liverpool Board of Trade have refused to reverse the judgment in the case.

It is reported that the Austrian and Hungarian Prime Ministers have agreed to forbid the promulgation of any decree of the Œcumenical Council declaring the infallibility of the Pope.

The Neapolitan insurrection against the Italian authorities has been suppressed.

The French Government is said to have notified the Government of Greece that if Frenchmen are captured by Greek bandits, Greece shall pay the ransom.

The Captain-General of Cuba has proclaimed the freedom of all slaves belonging to insurgents in the field or in foreign countries, who have taken up arms or served as guides to Spanish troops, or otherwise served the Spanish cause. Additional surrenders of insurgents are reported at Puerto Principe.

It is reported that an agent of Riel has arrived in Chicago from the Red River country, to urge the Fenians to expedite the proposed movement to intercept the British expedition, but that he has met with a cool reception from the Chicago leaders, who regard such an enterprise as fool-hardy and dangerous.

Recent advices from Hayti represent the country quiet. Opposition to the established government was virtually ended. Counterfeits of the Haytien currency had been discovered in large quantities.

A small revolution has been effected in Portugal, the old Ministry having been turned out and a new one installed in its place by military force. The country remains tranquil.

It is said that a pamphlet denouncing acquiescence in the dogma of infallibility as a mortal sin has created a sensation in Rome. Sixty bishops who have given notice of their intention to speak on infallibility are yet to be heard. The 29th of June is fixed for the close of the debate, when the next general congregation of the Council will be held.

EXCELSIOR. Th: Nast.

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

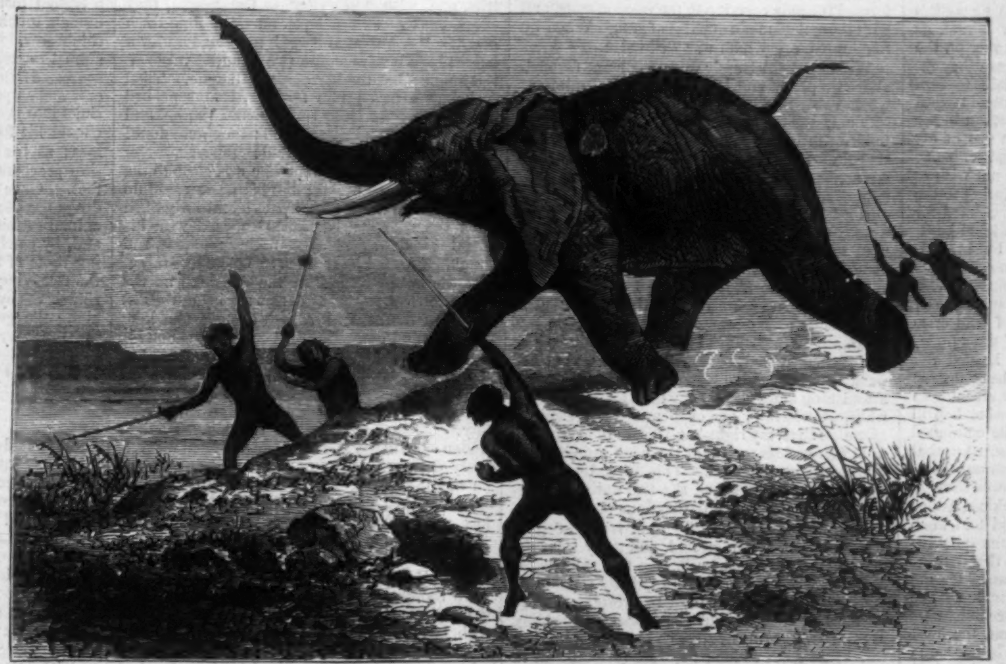
TO THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

By Sir Samuel Baker.

CHAPTER III.

Description of the Band.—Abou Do and Jali.—Charming Isle.—Buffalo Killed by the Camp.—Roaring of the Lions.—Hunt after Elephants.—Appearance of an Old Hermit.—Difficult Approach.—Audacious Manœuvre of the Aggageers.—Sword Thrust.—Elephants in Sight.—Attack in the Jungle.—Seven Elephants Dead: one Killed with the Sword.

The band was complete. Besides our servants—the interpreter, a groom, two Arabs, and the woman who kneaded the sorghum and made the bread—I had nine camel drivers, six Tokrooris, a tracker named Taher Noor, and three aggageers, Abou Do, Jali, and Suleiman. Abou Do was a splendid-looking fellow, over six feet one, with a light, active figure, but exceedingly well developed muscles; his face was strikingly handsome; his eyes were like those of a giraffe, but the sudden glance of an eagle lighted them up with a flash during the excitement of conversation, which showed little of the giraffe's gentle character. Jali was not above five feet four inches, but wonderfully muscular, and in expression a regular dare-devil.



HUNTING AN ELEPHANT WITH SWORDS.

A SHARP RHINOCEROS CHASE.

Never were there more complete centaurs than these Hamran Arabs; the horse and man appeared to be one animal, and that of the most elastic nature, that could twist and turn with the suppleness of a snake. The fact of being on horseback had suddenly altered the character of these Arabs; from a sedate and proud bearing, they had become the wildest examples of the most savage disciples of Nimrod. Excited by enthusiasm, they shook their naked blades aloft till the steel trembled in their grasp, and away they dashed over rocks, through thorny bush, across ravines, up and down steep inclinations, engaging in a mimic hunt, and going through the various acts supposed to occur in the attack of a furious elephant. I must acknowledge that, in spite of my admiration for their wonderful dexterity, I began to doubt their prudence.

We ascended the Settite. The country was very beautiful, but so absolutely deserted that the sand on the river bank, which, like the snow, shows the slightest mark, did not bear the vestige of a human trace. Near the eastern bank, two days' march from Gria, an island had been formed of about three hundred acres; this was a perfect oasis of verdure, covered with large nabbuk-trees, thirty feet high, and forming a mixture of the densest coverts, with small open glades of rich but low herbage.

To reach this island, upon which we were to encamp, it was necessary to cross the arm of the river, that was now dry, with the exception of deep pools, in one of which we perceived a large bull buffalo drinking, just as we descended the hill. As this would be close to the larder, I stalked to within ninety yards, and fired into his back, as his head inclined to the water. For the moment he fell upon his knee, but recovering immediately, he rushed up the steep bank of the island, receiving my left-hand barrel between the shoulders, and he disappeared in the dense covert of green nabbuk on the margin. As we were to camp within a few yards of the spot, he was close to home. Having crossed the river, we carefully followed the blood tracks through the jungle; but, after having pushed our way for about twenty paces through the dense covert, I came to the wise conclusion that it was not the place for following a wounded buffalo, and that we should find him dead on the next morning. A few yards upon our right hand was a beautiful open glade, commanding a view of the river, and surrounded by the largest nabbuk-trees, that afforded a delightful shade in the midst of the thick covert. This was a spot that in former years had been used by the aggageers as a camp, and we accordingly dismounted, and turned the horses to graze upon the welcome grass. Each horse was secured to a peg by a long leathern thong, as the lions in this neighborhood were extremely dangerous, having the advantage of thick and opaque jungle.

While the fires of our men were covered with strips of buffalo and tétel meat, ours was garnished with a row of marrow-bones. The table was spread with a clean cloth and arranged for dinner. Banaké, the cook, baked cakes on a fire of glowing embers, slices of liver, well peppered with cayenne and salt, were grilling on the gridiron, and we were preparing to dine, when a terrific roar within a hundred and fifty yards informed us that a lion was also thinking of dinner. A confusion of tremendous roars proceeding from several lions followed the first round, and my aggageers quietly remarked, "There is no danger for the horses to-night, the lions have found your wounded buffalo!"

Such a magnificent chorus of bass voices I had never heard; the jungle cracked, as with repeated roars they dragged the carcass of the buffalo through the thorns to the spot where they intended to devour it. That which was music to our ears was discord to those of the interpreter and poor Banaké. To reassure themselves, they related the most horrible tales of death and destruction that had been wrought by lions, when suddenly the aggageers changed the conversation by a few tales of the Basé natives, which so thoroughly eclipsed the dangers of wild beasts, that in a short time the entire party would almost have welcomed a lion, provided he would only have agreed to protect them from the Basé.

Early next morning I set out in search of our buffalo thieves. As I was returning from my fruitless quest, I met the aggageers, who had already made a reconnoissance of the country, having started before daybreak to look for elephants. They reported fresh tracks of a herd, and begged me to lose no time in accompanying them.

We were soon on the opposite bank. Tracking was very difficult; as there was a total absence of rain, it was next to impossible to distinguish the tracks of two days' date from those most recent upon the hard and parched soil. The only positive clew was the fresh dung of the elephants; and this being deposited at long intervals rendered the search extremely tedious.

The greater part of the day passed in useless toil, and, after fording the river backward and forward several times, we at length arrived at a large area of sand in the bend of the stream, that was evidently overflowed when the river was full; this surface of many acres was backed by a forest of large trees. Upon arrival at this spot, the aggageers, who appeared to know every inch of the country, declared that, unless the elephants had gone far away, they must be close at hand, within the forest. We were speculating upon the direction of the wind, when we were surprised by the sudden trumpet of an elephant, that proceeded from the forest already declared to be the covert of the herd. In a few minutes later, a fine bull elephant marched majestically from the jungle upon the large area of sand, and proudly stalked direct toward the river.

At that time we were stationed under cover of a high bank of sand that had been left by the retiring river in sweeping round an angle; we immediately dismounted, and remained well concealed. The question of attack was quickly settled; the elephant was quietly stalking toward the water, which was about three hundred paces distant from the jungle: this intervening space was heavy dry sand, that had been thrown up by the stream in the sudden bend of the river, which, turning from this point at a right angle, swept beneath a perpendicular cliff of conglomerate rock formed of rounded pebbles cemented together.

I proposed that we should endeavor to stalk the elephant, by creeping along the edge of the river, under cover of a sand-bank about three feet high, and that, should the rifles fail, the aggageers should come on at full gallop, and cut off his retreat from the jungle; we should then have a chance for the swords.

Accordingly I led the way, followed by Hadji Ali, my head Tokroori, with a rifle, while I carried the "Baby." Florian accompanied us. Having the wind fair, we advanced quickly for about half the distance, at which time we were within a hundred and fifty yards of the elephant, who had just arrived at the water, and had commenced drinking. We now crept cautiously toward him; the sand-bank had decreased to a height of about two feet, and afforded very little shelter. Not a tree nor bush grew upon the surface of the barren sand, which was so deep that we sank nearly to the ankles at every footstep. Still we crept forward, as the elephant alternately drank, and then spouted the water in a shower over his colossal form; but just as we had arrived within about fifty yards, he happened to turn his head in our direction, and immediately perceived us. He cocked his enormous ears, gave a short trumpet, and for an instant he wavered in his determination whether to attack or fly; but as I rushed toward him with a shout, he turned toward the jungle, and I immediately fired a steady shot at the shoulder with the "Baby," my large rifle. As usual, the fearful recoil of the rifle, with a half-pound shell and twelve drachms of powder, nearly threw me backward; but I saw the mark upon the elephant's shoulder in an excellent line, although rather high. The only effect of the shot was to send him off at great speed toward the jungle; but at the same moment the three aggageers came galloping across the sand like greyhounds in a course, and judiciously keeping parallel with the jungle, they cut off his retreat, and turning toward the elephant, they confronted him, sword in hand. At once the furious beast charged straight at the enemy; but now came the very gallant, but foolish, part of the hunt. Instead of leading the elephant by the flight of one man and horse, according to their usual method, all the aggageers at the same moment sprang from their saddles, and upon foot in the heavy sand they attacked the elephant with their swords.

In the way of sport I never saw any thing so magnificent, or so absurdly dangerous. The elephant was mad with rage, and nevertheless he seemed to know that the object of the hunters was to get behind him. This he avoided with great dexterity, turning as it were upon a pivot with extreme quickness, and charging headlong, first at one, and then at another of his assailants, while he blew clouds of sand in the air with his trunk and screamed with fury. Nimble as monkeys, nevertheless the aggageers could not get behind him. In the folly of excitement they had forsaken their horses, who had escaped from the spot. The depth of the loose sand was in favor of the elephant, and was so much against the men that they avoided his charges with extreme difficulty. It was only by the determined pluck of all three that they alternately saved each other, as two invariably dashed in at the flanks when the elephant charged the third, upon which the wary animal immediately relinquished the chase and turned round upon his pursuers. During this time I had been laboring through the heavy sand, and shortly after I arrived at the fight the elephant charged directly through the aggageers, receiving a shoulder shot from one of my Reilly No. 10 rifles, and at the same time a slash from the sword of Abou Do, who, with great dexterity and speed, had closed in behind him, just in time to reach the leg. Unfortunately he could not deliver the cut in the right place, as the elephant, with increased speed, completely distanced the aggageers; he charged across the deep sand, and reached the jungle. We were shortly upon his tracks, and after running about a quarter of a mile he fell dead in a dry water-course.

Upon reaching the jungle by the river-side we again heard the trumpet of an elephant, and about a quarter of a mile distant we observed a herd of twelve of these animals shoulder-deep in the river, which they were in the act of crossing to the opposite side, to secure themselves in an almost impenetrable jungle of thorny nabbuk. A turn brought us to the edge of the jungle. We shortly heard a cracking on our right. I accordingly instructed Jali to creep quietly by himself into the bush, and to bring me information of their position: to this he at once agreed.

In three or four minutes he returned; he declared it impossible to use the sword, as the jungle was so dense that it would check the blow, but that I could use the rifle, as the elephants were close to us—he had seen three standing together between us and the main body of the herd. I told Jali to lead me direct to the spot, and followed by Florian and the aggageers, with my gun-bearers, I kept within a foot of my dependable little guide, who crept gently into the jungle; this was intensely thick, and quite impenetrable, except in such places where elephants and other heavy animals had trodden numerous alleys. Along one of these narrow passages we stealthily advanced, until Jali stepped quietly on one side, and pointed with his finger. I immediately observed two elephants looming through the thick bushes about eight paces from me. One offered a temple shot, which I quickly took with a Reilly No. 10, and floored it on the spot. The smoke hung so thickly that I could not see sufficiently distinctly to fire my second barrel before the remaining elephant had turned; but Florian, with a three-ounce, steel-tipped bullet, by a curious shot at the hind-quarters, injured the hip joint to such an extent that we could more than equal the elephant in speed. In a few moments we found ourselves in a small open glade in the middle of the jungle, close to the stern of the elephant we were following. I had taken a fresh rifle, with both barrels loaded, and hardly had I made the exchange when the elephant turned suddenly and charged. Determined to try fairly the forehead shot, I kept my ground, and fired a Reilly No. 10, quicksilver and lead bullet, exactly in the centre, when certainly within four yards. The only effect was to make her stagger backward, when, in another moment, with her

immense ears thrown forward, she again rushed on. This was touch-and-go; but I fired my remaining barrel a little lower than the first shot. Checked in her rush, she backed toward the dense jungle, throwing her trunk about and trumpeting with rage. Snatching the Ceylon No. 10 from one of my trusty Tokrooris (Hassan), I ran straight at her, took a most deliberate aim at the forehead, and once more fired. The only effect was a decisive charge; but before I fired my last barrel Jali rushed in, and with one blow of his sharp sword severed the back sinew. She was utterly helpless in the same instant. Bravo, Jali! I had fired three beautifully correct shots with No. 10 bullets, and seven drachms of powder in each charge; these were so nearly together that they occupied a space in her forehead of about three inches, and all had failed to kill! There could no longer be any doubt that the forehead shot at an African elephant could not be relied upon, although so fatal to the Indian species. This increased the danger tenfold, as in Ceylon I had generally made certain of an elephant by steadily waiting until it was close upon me.

I now reloaded my rifles, and the aggageers quitted the jungle to remount their horses, as they expected the herd had broken cover on the other side of the jungle; in which case they intended to give chase, and, if possible, to turn them back into the covert, and drive them toward the guns. We accordingly took our stand in the small open glade, and I lent Florian one of my double rifles, as he was only provided with one single-barreled elephant gun. I did not wish to destroy the prestige of the rifles by hinting to the aggageers that it would be rather awkward for us to receive the charge of the infuriated herd, as the foreheads were invulnerable; but inwardly I rather hoped that they would not come so direct upon our position as the aggageers wished.

About a quarter of an hour passed in suspense, when we suddenly heard a chorus of wild cries of excitement on the other side of the jungle, raised by the aggageers who had headed the herd, and who were driving them back toward us. In a few minutes a tremendous crashing in the jungle, accompanied by the occasional shrill scream of a savage elephant, and the continued shouts of the mounted aggageers, assured us that they were bearing down exactly upon our direction; they were apparently followed even through the dense jungle by the wild and reckless Arabs. I called my men close together, and told them to stand fast, and hand me the guns quickly; and we eagerly awaited the onset that rushed toward us like a storm. On they came, tearing every thing before them. For a moment the jungle quivered and crashed; a second later, and, headed by an immense elephant, the herd thundered down upon us. The great leader came direct at me, and was received with right and left in the forehead from a Reilly No. 10 as fast as I could pull the triggers. The shock made it reel backward for an instant, and fortunately turned it, and the herd likewise. My second rifle was beautifully handed, and I made a quick right and left at the temples of two fine elephants, dropping them both stone-dead. At this moment the "Baby" was pushed into my hand by Hadji Ali just in time to take the shoulder of the last of the herd, who had already charged headlong after his comrades, and was disappearing in the jungle. Bang went the "Baby;" round I spun like a weather-cock, with the blood pouring from my nose, as the recoil had driven the sharp top of the hammer deep into the bridge. My "Baby" not only screamed, but kicked viciously. However, I knew that the elephant must be bagged, as the half-pound shell had been aimed directly behind the shoulder.

In a few minutes the aggageers arrived; they were bleeding from countless scratches. Abou Do had blood upon his sword. They had found the elephants commencing a retreat to the interior of the country, and they had arrived just in time to turn them. Following them at full speed, Abou Do had succeeded in overtaking and slashing the sinew of an elephant just as it was entering the jungle.

We had done pretty well. I had been fortunate in bagging four from this herd, in addition to the single bull in the morning; total, five. Florian had killed one, and the aggageers one; total, seven elephants. One had escaped that I had wounded in the shoulder, and two that had been wounded by Florian. It was too late to pursue them, but the aggageers determined to search for the wounded elephants on the following day.

CHAPTER IV.

Search for the Wounded.—Fall of Jali.—The four Sheriff Brothers.—One-armed Rodur.—Numerous Traces, but no Elephants.—Idling.—A couple of Rhinoceros.—Attack and Pursuit.—Exciting Race.—Rivalry.—Despair of Abou Do.—Last Effort.—Victory escapes us.—The Rhinoceros.—His Habits.—Snare laid for him.

ONE of the three wounded elephants had returned to the thick jungle, where my aggageers found themselves face to face with him. As escape was next to impossible, Jali turned his mare sharp round, and she bounded off, but caught in the thorns and fell, throwing her rider under the feet of the elephant. The mare recovered herself in an instant, and rushed away; the elephant, occupied by the white color of the mare, neglected the man, upon whom he trod in the pursuit, thus breaking his thigh.

Shortly after the Sheriff brothers, having learned of the results of our expedition, came to ask to join our party. There were four of them, the most renowned of all the aggageers. Even Abou Do, though a perfect Nimrod in sport, felt himself inferior to the eldest of these accomplished hunters; and, seized with a fit of jealousy, he declared that if I accepted these new allies he would leave, taking Suleiman with him. I decided, however, to keep the Sheriffs till the arrival of the new huntsman who was to take Jali's place, to which Abou Do made no further objection.

The second of the brothers, Rodur, had lost the use of one arm. An elephant one day, after killing his horse, had ripped open his arm with a tusk. The bone, crushed from the elbow to the wrist, came out in pieces, and the flesh looked like a piece of shriveled leather, with a withered hand at the end, resembling a vulture's claw, which merely served to clutch the bridle. Rodur was, nevertheless, the most renowned of his tribe as a leader of the chase.

The next day, January 1, we set out early in the morning. Fresh tracks were numerous on the water's edge, but not one of an elephant. We therefore struck inland, and idled about, knocking down the ripe fruit of the baobab, and stripping from the acacias the gum with which they were covered, and which, hard as ice on the exterior, and limpid in the centre, resembling melted amber, called to mind the trees covered with jewels in the gardens of the "Arabian Nights." The aggageers took off from their saddles the skins of tanned antelope leather that formed the only covering to the wooden seats, and with these they made bundles of gum. When we remounted, every man was well laden.

We were thus leisurely returning home through alternate plains and low open forest of mimosa, when Taher Sheriff, who was leading the party, suddenly reined up his horse, and pointed to a thick bush beneath which was a large gray, but shapeless, mass. I immediately dismounted, and advanced as near as I could, followed by Suleiman. As I drew near, I discovered two rhinoceros asleep beneath a thick mass of bushes; they were lying like pigs, close together. I told Suleiman to return to the aggageers, and hold my horse in readiness with his own. I then walked quietly to within about thirty yards of the rhinoceros, but so curiously were they lying that it was useless to attempt a shot. In their happy dreams they must have been suddenly disturbed by the scent of an enemy, for, without the least warning, they suddenly sprang to their feet with astonishing quickness, and, with a loud and sharp whiff, whiff, whiff! one of them charged straight at me. I fired my right-hand barrel in his throat, as it was useless to aim at the head protected by two horns at the nose. This turned him, but had no other effect, and the two animals thundered off together at a tremendous pace.

Now for a "tallyho!" Our stock of gum was scattered on the ground, and away went the aggageers in full speed after the two rhinoceros. Without waiting to reload, I quickly remounted my horse, and spurred hard to overtake the flying Arabs. The ground was awkward for riding at full speed, as it was an open forest of mimosas, which, although wide apart, were very difficult to avoid, owing to the low crowns of spreading branches; these, being armed with fishhook thorns, would have been serious on a collision. I kept the party in view, until in about a mile we arrived upon open ground. Here I again applied the spurs, and by degrees I crept up, always gaining, until I at length joined the aggageers.

Here was a sight to drive a hunter wild! The two rhinoceros were running neck and neck, like a pair of horses in harness, but bounding along at tremendous speed within ten yards of Taher Sheriff, who, with his sword drawn, and his long hair flying wildly behind him, urged his horse forward in the race, amidst a cloud of dust raised by the two huge but active beasts, that tried every sinew of the horses. Rodur Sheriff, with the withered arm, was second; with the reins hung upon the hawk-like claw that was all that remained of a hand, but, with his naked sword grasped in his right, he kept close to his brother, ready to second his blow. Abou Do was third; his hair flying in the wind—his heels dashing against the flanks of his horse, to which he shouted in his excitement to urge him to the front, while he leaned forward with his long sword, in the wild energy of the moment, as though hoping to reach the game against all possibility. Now for the spurs! and as these, vigorously applied, screwed an extra stride out of Tétel, I soon found myself in the ruck of men, horses, and drawn swords. Passing Abou Do, whose face wore an expression of agony at finding that his horse was failing, I quickly obtained a place between the two brothers, Taher and Rodur Sheriff. There had been a jealousy between the two parties of aggageers, and each was striving to outdo the other; thus Abou Do was driven almost to madness at the superiority of Taher's horse, while the latter, who was the renowned hunter of the tribe, was determined that his sword should be the first to taste blood. I tried to pass the rhinoceros on my left, so as to fire close into the shoulder my remaining barrel with my right hand, but it was impossible to overtake the animals, who bounded along with undiminished speed. With the greatest exertion of man and horses we could only retain our position within about three or four yards of their tails—just out of reach of the swords. The only chance in the race was to hold the pace until the rhinoceros should begin to flag. The horses were pressed to the utmost; but we had already run about two miles, and the game showed no signs of giving in. On they flew—sometimes over open ground, then through low bush, which tried the horses severely; then through strips of open forest, until at length the party began to tail off, and only a select few kept their places. We arrived at the summit of a ridge, from which the ground sloped in a gentle inclination for about a mile toward the river; at the foot of this incline was thick thorny nabbuk jungle, for which impenetrable covert the rhinoceros pressed at their utmost speed. Never was there better ground for the finish of a race; the earth was sandy, but firm, and as we saw the winning post in the jungle that must terminate the hunt, we redoubled our exertions to close with the unflagging game. Suleiman's horse gave in—we had been for about twenty minutes at a killing pace. Tétel, although not a fast horse, was good for a distance, and he now proved his power of endurance, as I was riding at least two stone heavier than any of the party. Only four of the seven remained; and we swept down the incline, Taher Sheriff still leading, and Abou Do the last! His horse was done, but not the rider; for, springing to the ground while at full speed, sword in hand, he forsook his tired horse, and, preferring his own legs, he ran like an antelope, and, for the first hundred yards, I thought he would really pass us, and win the honor of first blow. It was no use, the pace was too severe, and, although running wonderfully, he was obliged to give way to the horses. Only three now followed the rhinoceros—Taher Sheriff, his brother Rodur, and myself. I had been obliged to give the second place to Rodur, as he was a mere monkey in weight; but I was a close third. The excitement was intense—we neared the jungle, and the rhinoceros began to show signs of flagging, as the dust puffed up before their nostrils, and, with noses close to the ground, they snorted as they still galloped on. Oh, for a fresh horse! "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" We were within two hundred yards of the jungle; but the horses were all done. Tétel reeled as I urged him forward, Rodur pushed ahead; we were close to the dense thorns, and the rhinoceros broke into a trot; they were done! "Now, Taher, for-r-a-a-r-r-d! for-r-r-a-a-r-d, Taher!!!" Away he went—he was close to the very heels of the beasts; but his horse could do no more than his present pace; still he gained upon the nearest; he leaned forward with his sword raised for the blow—another moment, and the jungle would be reached! One effort more, and the sword flashed in the sunshine as the rearmost rhinoceros disappeared in the thick screen of thorns, with a gash about a foot long upon his hind-quarters. Taher Sheriff shook his bloody sword in triumph above his head; but the rhinoceros was gone. We were fairly beaten, regularly outpaced; but I believe another two hundred yards would have given us the victory. "Bravo, Taher!" I shouted. He had ridden splendidly, and his blow had been marvelously delivered at an extremely long reach, as he was nearly out of his saddle when he sprang forward to enable the blade to attain a cut at the last moment. He could not reach the hamstring, as his horse could not gain the proper position.

We all immediately dismounted; the horses were thoroughly done, and I at once loosened the girths and contemplated my steed Tétel, who, with head lowered and legs wide apart, was a tolerable example of the effects of pace. The other aggageers shortly arrived, and as the rival Abou Do joined us, Taher Sheriff quietly wiped the blood off his sword without making a remark; this was a bitter moment for the discomfited Abou Do.

Although we had failed, I never enjoyed a hunt so much either before or since; it was a *magnificent* run, and still more magnificent was the idea that a man, with no weapon but the sword, could attack and generally vanquish every huge animal of creation.

Taher Sheriff explained that at all times the rhinoceros was the most difficult animal to sabre, on account of his extraordinary swiftness, and although he had killed many with the sword, it was always after a long and fatiguing hunt; at the close of which, the animal becoming tired, generally turned to bay, in which case one hunter occupied his attention, while another galloped up behind, and severed the hamstring. The rhinoceros, unlike the elephant, can go very well upon three legs, which enhances the danger, as one cut will not utterly disable him.

There is only one species of this animal in Abyssinia; this is the two-horned black rhinoceros, known in South Africa as the keitloa. This animal is generally five feet six inches to five feet eight inches high at the shoulder, and, although so bulky and heavily built, it is extremely active, as our long and fruitless hunt had exemplified. This two-horned black species is exceedingly vicious; it is one of the very few animals that will generally assume the offensive; it considers all creatures to be enemies, and, although it is not acute in either sight or hearing, it possesses so wonderful a power of scent that it will detect a stranger at a distance of five or six hundred yards should the wind be favorable.

I have observed that a rhinoceros will generally charge down upon the object that it smells, but does not see; thus, when the animal is concealed either in high grass or thick jungle, should it scent a man who may be passing unseen to windward, it will rush down furiously upon the object it has winded, with three loud whiffs, resembling a jet of steam from a safety-valve. As it is most difficult and next to impossible to kill a rhinoceros when charging, on account of the protection to the brain afforded by the horns, an unexpected charge in thick jungle is particularly unpleasant; especially when on horseback. These animals are generally seen in pairs, or the male, female, and calf; the mother is very affectionate, and exceedingly watchful and savage. Although so large an animal, the cry is very insignificant, and is not unlike the harsh shrill sound of a penny trumpet. The drinking hour is about 8 P.M., or two hours after sunset, at which time the rhinoceros arrives at the river from his daily retreat, which is usually about four miles in the interior. He approaches the water by regular paths made by himself, but not always by the same route; and, after drinking, he generally retires to a particular spot beneath a tree that has been visited upon regular occasions; in such places large heaps of dung accumulate. The hunters take advantage of this peculiarity of the rhinoceros, and they set traps in the path to his private retreat; but he is so extremely wary, and so acute is the animal's power of scent, that the greatest art is necessary in setting the snare. A circular hole about two feet deep and fifteen inches in diameter is dug in the middle of his run, near the tree that has been daily visited; upon this hole is placed a hoop of tough wood arranged with a vast number of sharp spikes of a strong elastic wood, which, fastened to the rim, meet at the centre, and overlap each other as would the spokes of a wheel in the absence of the nave, if lengthened sufficiently. We will simplify the hoop by calling it a wheel without a centre, the spokes sharpened and overlapping in the middle. This instrument being fitted neatly above the hole, a running noose of the strongest rope is laid in a circle upon the wheel; the other extremity of the rope is fastened to the trunk of a tree that has been felled for that purpose, and deeply notched at one end to prevent the rope from slipping. This log, which weighs about five or six hundredweight, is then buried horizontally in the ground, and the entire trap is covered with earth and carefully concealed; the surface is smoothed with a branch instead of the hand, as the scent of a human touch would at once be detected by the rhinoceros. When completed, a quantity of the animal's dung is swept from the heap upon the snare. If the trap is undiscovered, the rhinoceros steps upon the hoop, through which his leg sinks into the hole, and upon his attempt to extricate his foot, the noose draws tight over the legs; as the spiked hoop fixing tightly into the skin prevents the noose from slipping over the foot. Once caught, his first effort to escape drags the heavy log from the trench, and as the animal rushes furiously away, this acts as a drag, and, by catching in the jungle and the protruding roots of trees, it quickly fatigues him. On the following morning the hunters discover the rhinoceros by the track of the log that has plowed along the ground, and the animal is killed by lances, or by the sword.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"DEAD BROKE."

"HE is dead broke."

"How much does he owe?"

"One week, to-morrow, over the month," said the clerk, examining the ledger.

"Whew!" whistled the landlord. "Has he no friends to pay for him?"

"Plenty of friends now, but let them find out that he is broke and they'll be off like a covey of birds."

"I must see him;" and the hotel proprietor, walking out upon the piazza, approached a young man leaning against one of the front pillars.

"Mr. Watson, your bill, I see, is in arrears one week over the settlement-day. Why is it?"

The young man flushed at first as if in anger; then a smile overspread his handsome face. "I know I am a delinquent, Major Snow, but I can't pay at present."

"Do you expect money soon?"

"Well, really, I don't know who should send me any thing from their surfeit of cash."

"Then I am to understand that you are not only unable to pay, but do not expect to be able?"

"Undoubtedly, Major."

"Sorry, Watson, for you have been a favorite of the season, and I don't like to turn you out before the break-up. Nor will I. If you can give up your suit of rooms and take up with one suited to your circumstances, I will let you remain the season out, trusting you to pay me in the future."

"You are very good, Major, and I guess I'll have to consent."

So the baggage of Robert Watson was lifted and borne from the elegant suit on the second-floor to a little seven by fourteen room on the fifth-floor.

How quickly it became known that the change had been made! Every servant in the house betrayed the knowledge in the absence of the usual deference paid to the possessors of "parlors." At dinner, the "boy," who had been only too eager to anticipate Mr. Watson's wants, suddenly became oblivious to those wants, and only answered them after repeated orders. The cashier and register clerk, always so obsequious, grew dignified and indifferent. Only the urbane Major preserved a kindly greeting for the guest too poor to pay his bill, and remaining by sufferance.

"Queer," thought the hotel proprietor. "He certainly had money enough when he came, for he deposited a cool five thousand in the safe. He hasn't been *fast*, I am certain, and his habits have been so good that the young bloods have rather played off from him. But he has been a favorite. Not a belle in the room but would have dropped her best friend for his attendance. Hang me if I can understand it."

Watson, hailing from Baltimore, had been a season guest at the Cascade. Friends he had in plenty. He was courteous, well-bred, good-looking, intelligent, and, apparently, rich—what more could be asked? Among the ladies he had moved quite a prince; and many were the gossamer webs woven as toils to capture him, but to all he proved a very incorrigible recusant—he would not be any one's prize. The exquisite charm of voice, manner, and sentiment, the beauty of person, the elegance of attire—all were agreeable to him, deeply so, for he seemed to enjoy them all immensely; but not the brilliant poetess, Miss Mountjoy, nor the coy and artless Miss Dumain, nor the rattle-headed young Miss Lambert, nor the haughty, elegant, and exclusive Miss Percy, nor the very rich Miss Oromanes, appeared to command him. He was to all alike, the agreeable companion, the candid friend, the shrewd resistant of all arts to lead him into love's labyrinthine mazes.

How would all these beauties of the *salon* receive the announcement sure to be made of his "altered circumstances," as the Major expressed it?

Evidently Mr. Watson was not indifferent. He still frequented the piazzas and parlors, giving every friend, male or female, ample opportunity to "cut" his acquaintance, or otherwise to express themselves. It was somewhat curious to note the progress of his decline, not his fall, for Watson had that in his character construction which, even in poverty and trial, would preserve him from a sacrifice of personal dignity and self-reliance. But that he *was* on the decline became to him a sorrowful fact.

Sorrowful, did we say? That is, judging by the usual standards of human felicity or misery. To lose one's friends, to behold your position in society gradually slipping away, to realize that no longer you are held in coveted consideration by a chosen few, is, ordinarily, a source of sorrow. But in Watson's case it was difficult to determine how keenly the knife cut to the quick of his sensibilities; for, while every acquaintance was given full facilities for doing the disagreeable office of giving the "cold shoulder," the Baltimorean appeared like an interested spectator, and was as unmoved, when passed by a supposed friend without the slightest notice, as if he were a newspaper reporter, anxious to see the act and to note the fact.

Into the parlors during the evening he particularly pressed his way. If a bevy of gay fellows surrounded Miss Mountjoy, he worked his way to the circle, and, at last, received from that lady of Sappho-like lips his discharge. She did most gracefully and crushingly turn her back upon him not three days after his removal from the second-floor.

Miss Dumain he sought, confident that one so artless certainly would be above the hollow-hearted crowd, and still give him her kindly greeting. Vain conception! The artless girl was coy indeed; and when at length he cornered her, it was to his discomfiture. She suddenly turned and forced her way past him, without even one of her downcast glances. On the contrary, her eyes were fixed fully on his face, and plainly said, "Sir, we are strangers."

Next he tried rattle-headed Miss Lambert, and she rattled on quite as usual; but Watson soon discovered that the rattle was not for him.

Strangely enough, the proud and exclusive Miss Percy unbent somewhat from her lofty carriage, and gave him a welcome; but over it all was a shadow—a fear, apparently, which made Miss Percy shy rather than haughty; and Watson began to catch glimpses of a character beneath all that conventional veil which he had not expected to find.

Of course the wealthy Miss Oromanes would scorn his further friendly relations. Her rooms were near his own second-floor apartments; she daily, all the season, had encountered him in his walks through the long corridor, and must have been one of the first to learn of his fallen fortunes. Indeed, he half surmised that her dressing-maid had made special inquiry into his case, seeing her in confidential confab with the floor-stewardess and room-girls. So Watson, with a reserve or pride not entertained with others, kept apart from Miss Oromanes.

On that third evening of his changed fortunes, when the Sappho of the Cascades annihilated him, greatly to the pleasure of the young "bloods" around her, Watson wandered away at length upon the piazzas; then up through the long, deserted halls, restless, thoughtful, digesting the notes which he had been taking of human nature, and trying to fix the relative value of a man without money. It was the crystalline truth he was learning—not the truth in mere solution, sometimes clear, sometimes opaque, but always thin, but the precipitated, hard, angular, clear-cut crystals of experience, mined in unexpected places. Had he remained upon the second-floor, never would he have obtained the gems; the mere solution only would have repaid his keenest search. But that migration to the upper spaces had given him a wondrous lens; his horizon was so immeasurably extended that, barring the fact that his bill was unpaid, he was the happier, because wiser for the upward reverse.

Suddenly, in his solitary promenade, he confronted the heiress. She was walking arm in arm with young Evans, of her "set," in confidential communication it would appear, else why should they have been in that long hall alone? asked Watson, as, with a glance, he took in the situation. The meeting was a surprise to both parties, and the inclination of both men was to pass without recognition. Evans, indeed, frowned; Watson flushed in anger, and with head erect bore down and passed his enemies, like a suspended or cashiered officer of the line, conscious of his soldierly qualities, but equally conscious of his "altered circumstances."

Too high he held his head, in fact, for he caught no soft glance from the lady's eye, and trod so firmly upon the trail of her elegant evening dress as to cause a perceptible cracking of seams at the skirt pleats. Evans turned with a sudden anger.

"Dolt!" he hissed.

Watson passed on, staying to make no apology, but he heard the lady say:

"Fie, it is nothing;" and he was conscious, too, that she was looking at him wonderingly.

An hour later Watson was down on the piazzas again, evidently on the quest for some person, and he found his man ere long. Evans was the gentleman wanted. Going up to him Watson said:

"Mr. Evans, what was the word you used at the time I trod on the trail of Miss Oromanes's dress?"

"I said *dolt*, Sir! and I say it again. We have hitherto supposed you to be a gentleman, and now learn that you can not pay your bills;" and he laughed, half in scorn and half in humor of the fact so opportunely given him to crush another.

The hot blood flew to Watson's face; his hands were clenched as if to strike; but, by a strong effort, he mastered his passion.

"Evans, no gentleman ever would have uttered that sentence. Only a coward would fling another's poverty in his face. Miss Oramanes, educated as she has been to give virtue to wealth, might find in my inability to pay my hotel bill a justification for dropping my acquaintance; but I doubt if ever she would have countenanced incivility. I owe her an apology for my seeming rudeness, and will give it to her, but you I hold in too supreme contempt even to exchange more words with you. Hereafter do not speak to me, for if you do I shall slap your face, even in the presence of the ladies." And the speaker went his way to his attic room.

This scene, overheard by several gentlemen and ladies, soon was the talk of the rooms. Evans, being a recognized leader of a very aristocratic circle, soon convened others of the set; and Major Snow was, ere long, summoned to be informed that he must "clear out Watson"—Evans offering to pay the delinquent's bill.

And the news flew throughout the parlors and promenades that Major Snow was to give Mr. Robert Watson, of Baltimore, his walking papers in the morning.

An observer of the scene between the two gentlemen on the piazza was Miss Oromanes. Having at once retired to her room to repair the accident to her skirt, the lady donned another dress, and, to enjoy half an hour undisturbed, stole out upon the pleasant open weather promenade. She thus was a witness of what transpired. She, too, retired, in evident excitement, to her rooms; and when her maid, half an hour later, brought the house-news that the Major was to clear Watson out in the morning, the heiress, with perfect deliberation, but with brightened color in her cheeks, and a clear sparkle in her beautiful eyes, sat down to her desk and indited the following note:

"Major Snow will please take no action in the matter of the difference between Mr. Watson and Mr. Evans. I overheard every word that passed between the gentlemen, and I fully justify Mr. Watson. Were it not an insult to him, I would offer to become responsible for any amount which he may not now be able to pay; but I know that he is a thorough gentleman, and would equally scorn to wrong you or to leave your house at the dictation of others.

"I am, Sir, yours,
"HELENE OROMANES."

This the maid was instructed to place in the Major's hands at once. The maid had not far to go, for she met the proprietor advancing up the stairway. He glanced at the billet and laughed; then paused and said:

"No use of my trip up five pair of stairs. Mr. Robert Watson has the freedom of this house for the next five seasons."

And down stairs he went again; while the open-eared maid, having lost not a word, returned to her mistress to find her absorbed in penning another note. This was written with great care and many pauses. It was finally finished, and read as follows:

"Mr. Watson will please excuse the boldness of this note; but, having been a witness to the meeting between yourself and Mr. Evans on the piazza, I feel it incumbent on me to say that I fully justify your proceeding and your words. I ask no apology from you. Indeed, I will be pained to receive it. Believe me, I am exceedingly pained at the inference you have drawn, namely: that I could find a justification in dropping your acquaintance in the fact of your temporary embarrassment. Alas for my riches, if they compel me to bear such imputations on my sense and motives! I am, Sir, yours very sincerely,

"HELENE OROMANES."

This missive the maid bore to the fifth story. It found the romantic Robert in bed; but the letter was flung in over the door ventilator.

"A letter for Monsieur Watson from my lady," said a voice at the door; and Watson sprang up as the envelope floated down to his feet.

"A note from my lady!" What on earth did that mean? Another rumpus brewing, of course! Turning on the gas he read—astonished, pleased, delighted, as the rich color mounting to his temples testified. And then, foolish man, he kissed the note.

So very preposterous for one in his circumstances!

Many were the guests who "turned out" fully two hours before their usual ten o'clock breakfast the next morning, in order to see Mr. Robert Watson depart. To their surprise there was Watson, cheerful and content, promenading up and down the back piazza, arm in arm with Miss Oromanes, and Major Snow looking on admiringly. To Evans and his set it was a declaration of war; but who would dare take up arms against the spirited heiress to a million? They all retired, resolved to let events take their course.

And they did take their course, *of course*. In three days' time a magnificent equipage drove to the stand, and Watson soon appeared with the beautiful Miss Oromanes for his companion in the morning drive.

"Whose equipage is that?" demanded Evans of the Major, who had escorted his guests to the carriage.

"Oh, that's Watson's, to be sure!" was the reply.

"Watson's be hanged! Say, Major, has he paid his bill?" asked Evans, maliciously.

"Paid his bill? Lord bless you, he is rich enough to buy out this whole concern, and to hire you and me for call boys!"

"Explain yourself, then, Sir!" demanded Evans, irately. "Did you not inform the guests that he could not pay his bill, and that you had sent him up stairs out of his second-floor suit?"

"Not I! Some of the clerks may have said something, to which others added more; but I really thought too much of the gentleman to mention the matter to any one. Now it turns out that it was all a little game of his own."

"Little game? What object could he have had in playing such hide and seek?" demanded Evans again, in tones peremptory.

"Well, in part, I suppose, to test the value of friendship in general, and the power of money in particular—both of which I have no doubt he has done to his entire satisfaction. Ha-ha-ha! What do you think about it, Mr. Evans?"

"Think about it? Why, that it was—it was—"

"What?"

"Why, a very artful dodge—nothing less."

"Capital dodge, that's a fact, seeing that, as a poor man, he won Miss Oromanes, and—"

"Now, what do you mean?" fairly shouted Evans, in his excitement.

"Mean? That before 10 o'clock on the morning of the day when he was to have had his walking papers, by your orders, he was dead in love with the heiress, and—"

"And what, sir?"

"And she dead in love with him!"

"It's false, I know!" cried the man, now white in the face from some inexplicable emotion.

"False, eh? Going off in that carriage together to the preacher's looks like it, don't it?"

"Good Heavens!"

The Major's conjecture was premature, as he well knew; but the shaft had struck Evans to the heart, and he fairly staggered to a seat. Evans had played a long and a deep game to win the heiress. He had long been her recognized suitor—he had discounted her possessions in his gay life; and the result was—*he* was dead broke!

He left the watering-place that day.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WHEN breathing the impure and oppressive air of some crowded church, or hall, or concert-room, we have often wished it were possible for one to carry with him, as he does his spectacles or opera-glass, a personal supply of oxygen for the comfort and support of his own lungs. The time may yet come when it will be quite the fashion to carry about a little India rubber bag of pure oxygen to be inhaled as circumstances may require. Within a few years the use of oxygen as a remedy in disease has greatly increased. Experiments have been tried showing that a man can breathe the pure gas with great benefit in certain conditions of the body. In cases of consumption it has been found to assist nutrition and respiration; even when the lungs are badly diseased, life is sometimes prolonged beyond all hopes of friends and physicians. In cases of diphtheria, croup, asthma, and other diseases involving difficult respiration, great relief is often experienced by oxygen gas. Indeed, it is surprising how many difficulties, which have refused to yield to other remedies, have been conquered by this article. Although the use of oxygen medicinally is still a novelty, the demand for it has recently increased so that now India rubber bags and all requisite breathing apparatus are furnished by apothecaries, and the gas itself is condensed in cylinders of various sizes and dispensed like other medicines. Also a simple apparatus has been devised for manufacturing it as it is needed.

Who wants to take a trip across the country in a palace car? Strawberries are selling in San Francisco at ten cents a pound. Is not that an inducement?

A building has been secured at the corner of Second Avenue and St. Mark's Place by the trustees of the New York State Hospital for Diseases of the Nervous System, and the institution will soon be opened for the reception of patients. This is the first hospital of the kind established in the country. There is to be an outdoor department, at which patients residing at their own homes can attend and receive gratuitous medical treatment.

Sorosis takes a positive stand in favor of woman. At a recent meeting of the society some resolutions were unanimously adopted, which warmly sympathized with Mrs. M'Farland-Richardson and those friends who have aided and supported her. The following resolution was also carried with enthusiasm:

Resolved, That while we reprobate any expression that tends to convey the idea of ownership in marriage, we distinctly encourage it, as a holy and God-ordained institution, based upon the equal interests, equal affections, and equal rights of the contracting parties; and that the recent change in the marriage ceremony by the Methodist Church, which substitutes for the word "obey" the words "you mutually agree," is in accordance with the enlightened spirit of the age, which is tending to equal justice in human relations."

A farmer in England has committed suicide in a fit of mental aberration, caused by his crops having been almost completely destroyed by rabbits. His fields have been overrun with them for years past, and he had made complaint about it in vain. He could obtain no relief, and, seeing nothing but ruin in the future for him, in utter despair, he killed himself. The rabbits have conquered, and the man has retired from the field of battle.

In Great Falls, New Hampshire, the Manufacturers' and Village Library contains over five hundred volumes. Every girl who is connected with the factories can have the benefit of the library for fifty cents a year.

A Louisville man is rendering himself notable, or notorious, by a strange mania for which no name has been invented. He is a burglar, for he breaks into houses by night; but he steals nothing, except the luxury of standing by the bedside of some person who is sleeping, and watching him or her, as the case may be. Some months ago he entered the room of a young lady after she had retired and gone to sleep. Taking his favorite position beside the bed, he stood gazing at the beautiful sleeper till, perhaps, conscious of his presence near her, she awoke, and was frightened terribly. By the faint light of the moon she saw this stranger standing motionless at her bedside. She screamed and fainted, and the inmates of the house came rushing in just in time to catch the intruder. The affair caused no little gossip at the time, but subsequent facts have proved that the man was harmless, having no design to disturb any thing or any body.

Pleasant sort of wife has a certain New Hampshire man! She arose one night and made a rope of twisted cotton cloth, one end of which she tied around the bed-post, and coiling it around her sleeping husband's neck, pulled hard upon the other end. Husband was awakened, however, and succeeded in getting clear. Wife claims to have been acting in a fit of somnambulism.

The London *Art Journal* gives a very interesting and commendatory account of certain lady artists from America, whose studios are located in Rome. Miss Hosmer is still at work on the statue of the ex-Queen of Naples, which has thus far been entirely concealed from the public eye. Not even the Empress of Austria, the Queen's own sister, has been permitted to see it; but now it is nearly ready for exhibition. Miss Hosmer is also engaged in modeling the beautiful medallions representing the twelve hours of night, which are to decorate the door in bronze gilt she has designed for Earl Brownlow. The door is intended for a drawing-room opening into the library, and every medallion is a treasure of art. Miss Foley has in hand the bust of the Pope, which is considered a most admirable likeness of his Holiness. Miss Foley has acquired an enviable reputation for her beautifully finished medallions. Vinnie Ream is making a few alterations in the model of Lincoln before she begins working upon it in marble. Father Hyacinthe gave three sittings to Miss Ream just before he came to America; and she has also modeled a bust of Gustave Doré. Miss Lewis is executing a Madonna for the Church of St. Francis, in Baltimore; and also is designing a monument to be erected in Montalban, Massachusetts.

Science has conquered nature in the establishment of a singular society in Paris, consisting at present of more than a hundred members. So great is the desire of these individuals to aid the science of anatomy, that they have pledged themselves not to be buried after death, but to bequeath their bodies for dissection!

A Connecticut minister, in a time of drought, prayed for rain in a more specific way than is customary. He asked not for thunder-showers that would carry away the bridges, but for a drizzle-drozzle, that would last for a week.

William Cullen Bryant recently delivered an address before the New York Historical Society, on the "Life, Character, and Writings of Gulian C. Verplanck." In the course of the address some extracts were read from letters written by Mr. Verplanck many years ago, while in Europe. The following anecdote was related in one of these letters:

"You may expect another explosion of mad poetry from Lord Byron. Lord Holland, who returned from Geneva a few days ago, told Mr. Gallatin that he was the bearer of a considerable cargo of verses from his lordship to Murray, the publisher—the subject not known. That you may have a higher relish for the new poem, I give you a little anecdote which is told in London. Some time ago Lord Byron's books were sold at auction, where a gentleman purchased a splendid edition of Shakspeare. When it was sent home a volume was missing. After several fruitless inquiries of the auctioneer, the purchaser went to Byron. 'What play was in the volume?' asked he. 'I think "Othello."' 'Ah! I remember. I was reading that when Lady Byron did something to vex me. I threw the book at her head, and she carried it out of the room. Inquire of some of her people, and you will get your book.'"

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg was recently the recipient of an elegant present, consisting of an exquisitely designed fruit receiver, lined with gold, and spoons and nut-picks to match. Tastefully engraved on the front of the fruit receiver were the words "'Il Trovatore,' May 16, 1870." This gift was presented by several highly cultivated amateur critics and devoted admirers of Italian opera, who were desirous of showing their appreciation of the satisfactory manner in which Miss Kellogg acquitted herself in the *rôle* of Leonora, in "Il Trovatore," on the evening of the 16th ult.

Theodore, eldest son of Henry Clay, recently died in Lexington Lunatic Asylum, after a long confinement. At thirty he was a promising lawyer, although he was not free from the imputation of being "wild." He had become deeply attached to a young lady of Lexington, who did not reciprocate his feeling, and by whom he was firmly but kindly repulsed when he began to show her special attentions. But the infatuated young man refused to be repulsed; he followed the lady in the streets by day, and haunted the neighborhood of her home by night, in an annoying manner, until it became evident that he was insane. Violent demonstrations soon proved the truth of this supposition, and it became necessary to send him to an asylum. Ample provision was made for him by his father, and for many years he was one of the most noted of the inmates of the asylum—his proud descent, his graceful manners, and his flow of conversation rendering him a marked object of interest. He labored under the hallucination that he was George Washington. At the occasional balls given to the inmates he was always exquisitely dressed in the style of his day, and was the beau *par excellence*. During all these long years, despite his general gentleness and cheerfulness of manner, he was restless and discontented, and required close watching, it never, in fact, having been considered prudent to allow him to go out into the grounds without attendants. About the year 1860 his condition began to grow worse, and he soon after became demented, continuing in hopeless idiocy until the day of his death. Two sons of Henry Clay yet survive him, T. H. Clay, ex-Minister to Honduras, now residing on his place, "Mansfield," near Lexington; and John M. Clay, the raiser of *Kentucky*, and one of the greatest turfmen living.

A pitcher of water in a room will in a few hours absorb all the perspired gases, and purify the air, but the water becomes unfit for use. Onions are recommended as a specific against epidemics, if they are kept sliced in a room, where they will absorb the poisonous air.

There is a rumor that Queen Victoria has become matrimonially inclined, and is, indeed, affianced to a foreign prince of the blood royal, but without fortune. The English papers do not feel inclined to accept the report; but give a little general advice on the subject, to the effect that there are a plenty of rich peers in England, "all honorable men," from whom the Queen might select more appropriately—unless she intends to abdicate in favor of the Prince of Wales, in which case she might marry whom she chose.

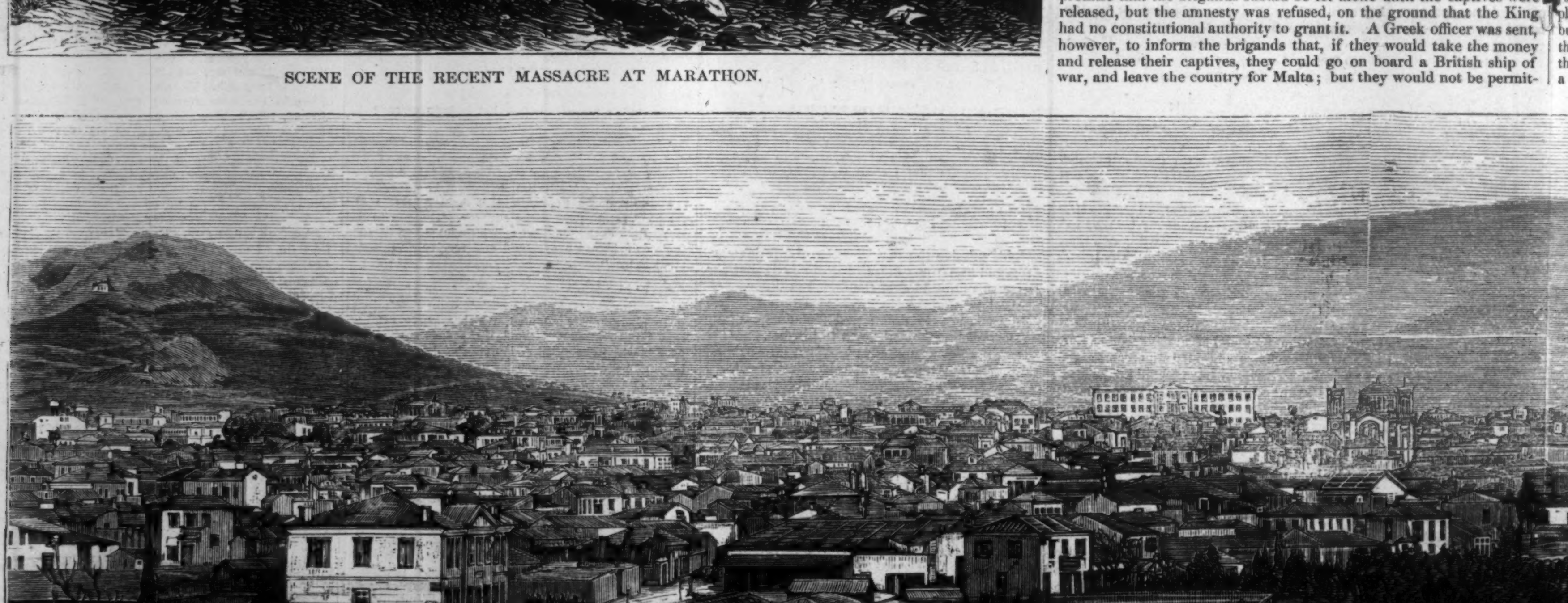
SCENE OF THE RECENT MASSACRE AT MARATHON.

GREEK BRIGANDAGE.

We present on this page several illustrations *à propos* to the recent massacre of a party of travelers by Greek brigands in the vicinity of Athens. The party, our readers may recollect, consisted of Lord and Lady Muncaster, Mr. Herbert, Secretary to the British Legation, Count Boyl, Secretary to the Italian Legation, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd, with their young child, five years old, and Mr. Vyner. On the morning of April 11 they left Athens in carriages for Marathon, under the escort of four mounted gens d'armes, and accompanied by an intelligent and experienced dragoman named Alexandros. On the plain they encountered several bands of soldiers patrolling the road, and felt no apprehensions of danger. After exploring the scene of one of the most interesting events in Grecian history, they started on their return to Athens. About half past four in the afternoon they were ambushed in a lonely part of the road. One of the gens d'armes was instantly killed and another mortally wounded. The brigands, twenty-eight in number, forced the party out of the carriages with much violence, seizing Lady Muncaster, and tearing off her watch and lockets, and menacing the lives of all. They then hurried their captives off the road, easily repulsing an attack by a small detachment of soldiers that had hastened to the scene on hearing the firing.

Reaching a place of security next day they halted after a most fatiguing march, and there agreed to release the ladies and child, and to allow Lord Muncaster to return to Athens to raise the sum demanded for the ransom of himself and his four companions. The money, one hundred thousand dollars, was raised without difficulty, but in order to transport so large a sum of gold in safety it was necessary to obtain a promise of amnesty for the brigands, with an order that they should not be pursued in the mean time. On the application of the British Minister, the Greek Minister of War gave a solemn promise that the brigands should be let alone until the captives were released, but the amnesty was refused, on the ground that the King had no constitutional authority to grant it. A Greek officer was sent, however, to inform the brigands that, if they would take the money and release their captives, they could go on board a British ship of war, and leave the country for Malta; but they would not be permit-

LORD MUNC



GENERAL VIEW OF MODERN ATHENS, WITH RUI

MUNCASTER.

ted to quit the neighborhood of the village of Oropos, where they had taken refuge, with their captives, and where they were surrounded by a force of 600 soldiers.

The brigand chiefs would not submit to these terms. They demanded amnesty for all their crimes, and refused to remain at Oropos, threatening to kill their captives if the troops opposed their march. On the afternoon of April 21, without waiting for the return of Lord Muncaster, who thus escaped the fate of his companions, they set out from Oropos, and were immediately pursued by cavalry. In accordance with their threats, they shot Mr. Herbert and Mr. Lloyd on perceiving the approach of the troops. A sharp battle ensued, in which six of the brigands were killed, including the chief. The others fled up the country, dragging Mr. Vyner and Count Boyl with them, as far as Skimatari, where they put these two gentlemen also to death. Their bodies were afterward found and brought to Athens. They were mutilated in a shocking manner.

Our view of the Plains of Marathon shows the scene of the capture of this unfortunate party. The shore lies northeast and southwest, and is the chord of an arc about four miles in length, inclosing this celebrated plain. About the centre of the beach a small river, anciently called the Charadrus, falls into the sea in its course from the mountains, dividing the plain into two nearly equal portions. The land side of the plain is closely shut in by a lofty range of mountains, the eastern shoulder of Pentelicus terminating it to the southward. From Athens to the village of Marathon is about twenty-two miles. The road for nearly the whole distance is exceedingly bad; and in the mountains it consists of little more than the channels cut by the winter torrents. The plain consists of a breadth of gently undulating ground, the higher parts of which are cultivated. At each extremity the land is low and marshy. There are two or three small villages upon it with a few trees about them. The slopes of the mountains are in many places covered with myrtle, scrubwood, and small pines. The principal object of interest on the plain is the tumulus shown in our illustration, supposed to be the burial-place of the one hundred and ninety-two Athenians who fell in the great battle with the Persians twenty-three centuries ago. Though the mound is small—only 60 feet in diameter and 25 in height—it is a striking object on the plain when seen from a distance.

GROUP OF GREEK BANDITS.

Mars' Hill. Temple of Theseus. The Acropolis.

RUINS OF THE ANCIENT CITY ON THE RIGHT.

NOTHING.

There is nothing to see!
It is only a silver birch;
But it comes like a beautiful joy to me,
Like the joy you feel so calm and free,
When all is still as still can be,
After a psalm in the church.

It is so fair and light!
It grows on a rock by a well!
The rock is so strong, and the birch is so slight,
That they fill my heart with a strange delight,
And I think they make a wonderful sight,
Though why I can never tell!

The rock I grasp and reach,
And the birch-tree I can not touch;
But its rustling leaves have a tender speech,
For I feel a particular love for each,
And I know that their whispered words can teach
And comfort me very much.

The rock is strong and wild,
And the well is wide and deep;
So I nodded my little head and smiled,
For I felt they could both protect a child;
And the birch-tree murmured soft and mild,
And so I fell fast asleep.

Why should this written be?
And what have I got to tell?
The wise, wise people will laugh at me,
And say there is nothing at all to see,
Only a rock, and only a tree,
And only a little well!

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

THIRTEENTH SCENE.—FULHAM.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIFTH.

THE FOOT-RACE.

A solitary foreigner, drifting about London, drifted toward Fulham on the day of the Foot-Race.

Little by little, he found himself involved in the current of a throng of impetuous English people, all flowing together toward one given point, and all decorated alike with colors of two prevailing hues—pink and yellow. He drifted along with the stream of passengers on the pavement (accompanied by a stream of carriages in the road) until they stopped with one accord at a gate—and paid admission-money to a man in office—and poured into a great open space of ground which looked like an uncultivated garden.

Arrived here, the foreign visitor opened his eyes in wonder at the scene revealed to view. He observed thousands of people assembled, composed almost exclusively of the middle and upper classes of society. They were congregated round a vast inclosure; they were elevated on amphitheatrical wooden stands; and they were perched on the roofs of horseless carriages, drawn up in rows. From this congregation there rose such a roar of eager voices as he had never heard yet from any assembled multitude in these islands. Predominating among the cries, he detected one everlasting question. It began with, "Who backs—?" and it ended in the alternate pronouncing of two British names unintelligible to foreign ears. Seeing these extraordinary sights, and hearing these stirring sounds, he applied to a policeman on duty; and said, in his best producible English, "If you please, Sir, what is this?"

The policeman answered, "North against South—Sports."

The foreigner was informed, but not satisfied. He pointed all round the assembly with a circular sweep of his hand; and said, "Why?"

The policeman declined to waste words on a man who could ask such a question as that. He lifted a large purple forefinger, with a broad white nail at the end of it, and pointed gravely to a printed Bill, posted on the wall behind him. The drifting foreigner drifted to the Bill.

After reading it carefully, from top to bottom, he consulted a polite private individual near at hand, who proved to be far more communicative than the policeman. The result on his mind, as a person not thoroughly awakened to the enormous national importance of Athletic Sports, was much as follows:

The color of North is pink. The color of South is yellow. North produces fourteen pink men, and South produces thirteen yellow men. The meeting of pink and yellow is a solemnity. The solemnity takes its rise in an indomitable national passion for hardening the arms and legs, by throwing hammers and cricket-balls with the first, and running and jumping with the second. The object in view is to do this in public rivalry. The ends arrived at are (physically) an excessive development of the muscles, purchased at the expense of an excessive strain on the heart and the lungs—(morally), glory; conferred at the moment by the public applause; confirmed the next day by a report in the newspapers. Any person who presumes to see any physical evil involved in these exercises to the men who practice them, or any moral obstruction in the exhibition itself to those civilizing influences on which the true greatness of all nations depends, is a person without a biceps, who is simply incomprehensible. Muscular England develops itself, and takes no notice of him.

The foreigner mixed with the assembly, and looked more closely at the social spectacle around him.

He had met with these people before. He had seen them (for instance) at the theatre, and had observed their manners and customs with considerable curiosity and surprise. When the curtain was down, they were so little interested in what they had come to see, that they had hardly spirit enough to speak to each other between the acts. When the curtain was up, if the play made any appeal to their sympathy with any of the higher and nobler emotions of humanity, they received it as something wearisome, or sneered at it as something absurd. The public feeling of the countrymen of Shakspeare, so far as they represented it, recognized but two duties in the dramatist—the duty of making them laugh, and the duty of getting it over soon. The two great merits of a stage proprietor, in England (judging by the rare applause of his cultivated customers), consisted in spending plenty of money on his scenery, and in hiring plenty of brazen-faced women to exhibit their bosoms and their legs. Not at theatres only; but among other gatherings, in other places, the foreigner had noticed the same stolid languor where any effort was exacted from genteel English brains, and the same stupid contempt where any appeal was made to genteel English hearts. Preserve us from enjoying any thing but jokes and scandal! Preserve us from respecting any thing but rank and money! There were the social aspirations of these insular ladies and gentlemen, as expressed under other circumstances, and as betrayed amidst other scenes. Here, all was changed. Here was the strong feeling, the breathless interest, the hearty enthusiasm, not visible elsewhere. Here were the superb gentlemen who were too weary to speak, when an Art was addressing them, shouting themselves hoarse with burst on burst of genuine applause. Here were the fine ladies who yawned behind their fans, at the bare idea of being called on to think or to feel, waving their handkerchiefs in honest delight, and actually flushing with excitement through their powder and their paint. And all for what? All for running and jumping—all for throwing hammers and balls.

The foreigner looked at it, and tried, as a citizen of a civilized country, to understand it. He was still trying—when there occurred a pause in the performances.

Certain hurdles, which had served to exhibit the present satisfactory state of civilization (in jumping) among the upper classes, were removed. The privileged persons who had duties to perform within the inclosure, looked all round it; and disappeared one after another. A great hush of expectation pervaded the whole assembly. Something of no common interest and importance was evidently about to take place. On a sudden, the silence was broken by a roar of cheering from the mob in the road outside the grounds. People looked at each other excitedly, and said, "One of them has come." The silence prevailed again—and was a second time broken by another roar of applause. People nodded to each other with an air of relief and said, "Both of them have come." Then the great hush fell on the crowd once more; and all eyes looked toward one particular point of the ground, occupied by a little wooden pavilion, with the blinds down over the open windows, and the door closed.

The foreigner was deeply impressed by the silent expectation of the great throng about him. He felt his own sympathies stirred, without knowing why. He believed himself to be on the point of understanding the English people.

Some ceremony of grave importance was evidently in preparation. Was a great orator going to address the assembly? Was a glorious anniversary to be commemorated? Was a religious service to be performed? He looked round him to apply for information once more. Two gentlemen—who contrasted favorably, so far as refinement of manner was concerned, with most of the spectators present—were slowly making their way, at that moment, through the crowd near him. He respectfully asked what national solemnity was now about to take place. They informed him that a pair of strong young men were going to run round the inclosure for a given number of turns, with the object of ascertaining which could run the fastest of the two.

The foreigner lifted his hands and eyes to heaven. Oh, multifarious Providence! who would have suspected that the infinite diversities of thy creation included such beings as these! With that aspiration, he turned his back on the race-course, and left the place.

On his way out of the grounds he had occasion to use his handkerchief, and found that it was gone. He felt next for his purse. His purse was missing too. When he was back again in his own country, intelligent inquiries were addressed to him on the subject of England. He had but one reply to give. "The whole nation is a mystery to me. Of all the English people I only understand the English thieves!"

In the mean time the two gentlemen, making their way through the crowd, reached a wicket-gate in the fence which surrounded the inclosure.

Presenting a written order to the policeman in charge of the gate, they were forthwith admitted within the sacred precincts. The closely packed spectators, regarding them with mixed feelings of envy and curiosity, wondered who they might be. Were they referees appointed to act at the coming race? or reporters for the newspapers? or commissioners of police? They were neither the one nor the other. They were only Mr. Speedwell, the surgeon, and Sir Patrick Lundie.

The two gentlemen walked into the centre of the inclosure, and looked round them.

The grass on which they were standing was girdled by a broad smooth path, composed of finely-sifted ashes and sand—and this again was surrounded by the fence and by the spectators ranked behind it. Above the lines thus formed rose on one side the amphitheatres with their tiers of crowded benches, and on the other the long rows of carriages with the sight-seers inside and out. The evening sun was shining brightly, the light and shade lay together in grand masses, the varied colors of objects blended softly one with the other. It was a splendid and an inspiriting scene.

Sir Patrick turned from the rows of eager faces all round him to his friend the surgeon.

"Is there one person to be found in this vast crowd," he asked, "who has come to see the race with the doubt in his mind which has brought *us* to see it?"

Mr. Speedwell shook his head. "Not one of them knows or cares what the struggle may cost the men who engage in it."

Sir Patrick looked round him again. "I almost wish I had not come to see it," he said, "If this wretched man—"

The surgeon interposed. "Don't dwell needlessly, Sir Patrick, on the gloomy view," he rejoined. "The opinion I have formed has, thus far, no positive grounds to rest on. I am guessing rightly, as I believe, but at the same time I am guessing in the dark. Appearances *may* have misled me. There may be reserves of vital force in Mr. Delamayn's constitution which I don't suspect. I am here to learn a lesson—not to see a prediction fulfilled. I know his health is broken, and I believe he is going to run this race at his own proper peril. Don't feel too sure beforehand of the event. The event may prove me to be wrong."

For the moment Sir Patrick dropped the subject. He was not in his usual spirits.

Since his interview with Anne had satisfied him that she was Geoffrey's lawful wife, the conviction had inevitably forced itself on his mind that the one possible chance for her in the future was the chance of Geoffrey's death. Horrible as it was to him, he had been possessed by that one idea—go where he might, do what he might, struggle as he might to force his thoughts in other directions. He looked round the broad ashen path on which the race was to be run, conscious that he had a secret interest in it which it was unutterably repugnant to him to feel. He tried to resume the conversation with his friend, and to lead it to other topics. The effort was useless. In despite of himself, he returned to the one fatal subject of the struggle that was now close at hand.

"How many times must they go round this inclosure," he inquired, "before the race is ended?"

Mr. Speedwell turned toward a gentleman who was approaching them at the moment. "Here is somebody coming who can tell us," he said.

"You know him?"

"He is one of my patients."

"Who is he?"

"After the two runners he is the most important personage on the ground. He is the final authority—the umpire of the race."

The person thus described was a middle-aged man, with a prematurely wrinkled face, with prematurely white hair, and with something of a military look about him—brief in speech, and quick in manner.

"The path measures four hundred and forty yards round," he said, when the surgeon had repeated Sir Patrick's question to him. "In plainer words, and not to put you to your arithmetic, once round it is a quarter of a mile. Each round is called a 'Lap.' The men must run sixteen Laps to finish the race. Not to put you to your arithmetic again, they must run four miles—the longest race of this kind which it is customary to attempt at Sports like these."

"Professional pedestrians exceed that limit, do they not?"

"Considerably—on certain occasions."

"Are they a long-lived race?"

"Far from it. They are exceptions when they live to be old men."

Mr. Speedwell looked at Sir Patrick. Sir Patrick put a question to the umpire.

"You have just told us," he said, "that the two young men who appear to-day are going to run the longest distance yet attempted in their experience. Is it generally thought, by persons who understand such things, that they are both fit to bear the exertion demanded of them?"

"You can judge for yourself, Sir. Here is one of them."

He pointed toward the pavilion. At the same moment there rose a mighty clapping of hands from the great throng of spectators. Fleetwood, champion of the North, decorated in his pink colors, descended the pavilion steps and walked into the arena.

Young, lithe, and elegant, with supple strength expressed in every movement of his limbs, with a bright smile on his resolute young face, the man of the north won the women's hearts at starting. The murmur of eager talk rose among them on all sides. The men were quieter—especially the men who understood the subject. It was a serious question with these experts whether Fleetwood was not "a little too fine." Superbly trained, it was admitted—but, possibly, a little *over*-trained for a four-mile race.

The northern hero was followed into the inclosure by his friends and backers, and by his trainer. This last carried a tin can in his hand. "Cold water," the umpire explained. "If he gets exhausted, his trainer will pick him up with a dash of it as he goes by."

A new burst of hand-clapping rattled all round the arena. Delamayn, champion of the South, decorated in his yellow colors, presented himself to the public view.

The immense hum of voices rose louder and louder as he walked into the centre of the great green space. Surprise at the extraordinary contrast between the two men was the prevalent emotion of the moment. Geoffrey was more than a head taller than his antagonist, and broader in full proportion. The women who had been charmed with the easy gait and confident smile of Fleetwood, were all more or less painfully impressed by the sullen strength of the southern man, as he passed before them slowly, with his head down and his brows knit, deaf to the applause showered on him, reckless of the eyes that looked at him; speaking to nobody; concentrated in himself; biding his time. He held the men who understood the subject breathless with interest. There it was! the famous "staying power" that was to endure in the last terrible half-mile of the race, when the nimble and jaunty Fleetwood was run off his legs. Whispers had been spread abroad hinting at something which had gone wrong with Delamayn in his training. And now that all eyes could judge him, his appearance suggested criticism in some quarters. It was exactly the opposite of the criticism passed on his antagonist. The doubt as to Delamayn was whether he had been sufficiently trained. Still the solid strength of the man, the slow, panther-like smoothness of his movements—and, above all, his great reputation in the world of muscle and sport—had their effect. The betting which, with occasional fluctuations, had held steadily in his favor thus far, held, now that he was publicly seen, steadily in his favor still. "Fleetwood for shorter distances, if you like; but Delamayn for a four-mile race."

"Do you think he sees us?" whispered Sir Patrick to the surgeon.

"He sees nobody."

"Can you judge of the condition he is in, at this distance?"

"He has twice the muscular strength of the other man. His trunk and limbs are magnificent. It is useless to ask me more than that about his condition. We are too far from him to see his face plainly."

The conversation among the audience began to flag again; and the silent expectation set in among them once more. One by one, the different persons officially connected with the race gathered together on the grass. The trainer Perry was among them, with his can of water in his hand, in anxious whispering conversation with his principal—giving him the last words of advice before the start. The trainer's doctor, leaving them together, came up to pay his respects to his illustrious colleague.

"How has he got on since I was at Fulham?" asked Mr. Speedwell.

"First-rate, Sir! It was one of his bad days when you saw him. He has done wonders in the last eight-and-forty hours."

"Is he going to win the race?"

Privately the doctor had done what Perry had done before him—he had backed Geoffrey's antagonist. Publicly he was true to his colors. He cast a disparaging look at Fleetwood—and answered Yes, without the slightest hesitation.

At that point, the conversation was suspended by a sudden movement in the inclosure. The runners were on their way to the starting-place. The moment of the race had come.

Shoulder to shoulder, the two men waited—each with his foot touching the mark. The firing of a pistol gave the signal for the start. At the instant when the report sounded, they were off.

Fleetwood at once took the lead; Delamayn following, at from two to three yards behind him. In that order, they ran the first round, the second, and the third—both reserving their strength; both watched with breathless interest by every soul in the place. The trainers, with their cans in their hands, ran backward and forward over the grass, meeting their men at certain points, and eying them narrowly, in silence. The official persons stood together in a group; their eyes following the runners round and round with the closest attention. The trainer's doctor, still attached to his illustrious colleague, offered the necessary explanations to Mr. Speedwell and his friend.

"Nothing much to see for the first mile, Sir, except the 'style' of the two men."

"You mean they are not really exerting themselves yet?"

"No. Getting their wind, and feeling their legs. Pretty runner, Fleetwood—if you notice, Sir? Gets his legs a trifle better in front, and hardly lifts his heels quite so high as our man. His action's the best of the two; I grant that. But just look, as they come by, which keeps the straightest line. There's where Delamayn has him! It's a steadier, stronger, truer pace; and you'll see it tell when they're half-way through." So, for the first three rounds, the doctor expatiated on the two contrasted "styles"—in terms mercifully adapted to the comprehension of persons unacquainted with the language of the running ring.

At the fourth round—in other words, at the round which completed the first mile, the first change in the relative position of the runners occurred. Delamayn suddenly dashed to the front. Fleetwood smiled as the other passed him. Delamayn held the lead till they were half-way through the fifth round—when Fleetwood, at a hint from his trainer, forced the pace. He lightly passed Delamayn in an instant; and led again to the completion of the sixth round. At the opening of the seventh, Delamayn forced the pace on his side. For a few moments, they ran exactly abreast. Then Delamayn drew away inch by inch; and recovered the lead. The first burst of applause (led by the south) rang out, as the big man beat Fleetwood at his own tactics, and headed him at the critical moment when the race was nearly half run.

"It begins to look as if Delamayn *was* going to win!" said Sir Patrick.

The trainer's doctor forgot himself. Infected by the rising excitement of every body about him, he let out the truth.

"Wait a bit!" he said. "Fleetwood has got directions to let him pass—Fleetwood is waiting to see what he can do."

"Cunning, you see, Sir Patrick, is one of the elements in a manly sport," said Mr. Speedwell, quietly.

At the end of the seventh round, Fleetwood proved the doctor to be right. He shot past Delamayn like an arrow from a bow. At the end of the eight round, he was leading by two yards. Half the race had then been run. Time, ten minutes and thirty-three seconds.

Toward the end of the ninth round, the pace slackened a little; and Delamayn was in front again. He kept ahead, until the opening of the eleventh round. At that point, Fleetwood flung up one hand in the air with a gesture of triumph; and bounded past Delamayn with a shout of "Hooray for the North!" The shout was echoed by the spectators. In proportion as the exertion began to tell upon the men, so the excitement steadily rose among the people looking at them.

At the twelfth round, Fleetwood was leading by six yards. Cries of triumph rose among the adherents of the north, met by counter-cries of defiance from the south. At the next turn Delamayn resolutely lessened the distance between his antagonist and himself. At the opening of the fourteenth round, they were coming side by side. A few yards more, and Delamayn was in front again, amidst a roar of applause from the whole public voice. Yet a few yards further, and Fleetwood neared him; passed him; dropped behind again; led again; and was passed again at the end of the round. The excitement rose to its highest pitch, as the runners—gasping for breath; with dark-flushed faces, and heaving breasts—alternately passed and repassed each other. Oaths were heard now as well as cheers. Women turned pale, and men set their teeth, as the last round but one began.

At the opening of it, Delamayn was still in advance. Before six yards more had been covered, Fleetwood betrayed the purpose of his running in the previous round, and electrified the whole assembly, by dashing past his antagonist—for the first time in the race at the top of his speed. Every body present could see, now, that Delamayn had been allowed to lead on sufferance—had been dextrously drawn on to put out his whole power—and had then, and not till then, been seriously deprived of the lead. He made another effort, with a desperate resolution that roused the public enthusiasm to frenzy. While the voices were roaring; while the hats and handkerchiefs were waving round the course; while the actual event of the race was, for one supreme moment, still in doubt—Mr. Speedwell caught Sir Patrick by the arm.

"Prepare yourself!" he whispered. "It's all over."

As the words passed his lips, Delamayn swerved on the path. His trainer dashed water over him. He rallied, and ran another step or two—swerved again—staggered—lifted his arm to his mouth with a hoarse cry of rage—fastened his own teeth in his flesh like a wild beast—and fell senseless on the course.

A Babel of sounds arose. The cries of alarm in some places, mingling with the shouts of triumph from the backers of Fleetwood in others—as their man ran lightly on to win the now uncontested race. Not the inclosure only, but the course itself was invaded by the crowd. In the midst of the tumult the fallen man was drawn on to the grass—with Mr. Speedwell and the trainer's doctor in attendance on him. At the terrible moment when the surgeon laid his hand on the heart, Fleetwood passed the spot—a passage being forced for him through the people by his friends and the police—running the sixteenth and last round of the race.

Had the beaten man fainted under it, or had he died under it? Every body waited with their eyes riveted on the surgeon's hand.

The surgeon looked up from him, and called for water to throw over his face, for brandy to put into his mouth. He was coming to life again—he had survived the race. The last shout of applause which hailed Fleetwood's victory rang out as they lifted him from the ground to carry him to the pavilion. Sir Patrick (admitted at Mr. Speedwell's request) was the one stranger allowed to pass the door. At the moment when he was ascending the steps, some one touched his arm. It was Captain Newenden.

"Do the doctors answer for his life?" asked the captain. "I can't get my niece to leave the ground till she is satisfied of that."

Mr. Speedwell heard the question, and replied to it briefly from the top of the pavilion steps.

"For the present—yes," he said.

The captain thanked him, and disappeared.

They entered the pavilion. The necessary restorative measures were taken under Mr. Speedwell's directions. There the conquered athlete lay: outwardly an inert mass of strength, formidable to look at, even in its fall; inwardly, a weaker creature, in all that constitutes vital force, than the fly that buzzed on the window-pane. By slow degrees the fluttering life came back. The sun was setting; and the evening light was beginning to fail. Mr. Speedwell beckoned to Perry to follow him into an unoccupied corner of the room.

"In half an hour or less he will be well enough to be taken home. Where are his friends? He has a brother—hasn't he?"

"His brother's in Scotland, Sir."

"His father?"

Perry scratched his head. "From all I hear, Sir, he and his father don't agree."

Mr. Speedwell applied to Sir Patrick.

"Do you know any thing of his family affairs?"

"Very little. I believe what the man has told you to be the truth."

"Is his mother living?"

"Yes."

"I will write to her myself. In the mean time, somebody must take him home. He has plenty of friends here. Where are they?"

He looked out of the window as he spoke. A throng of people had gathered round the pavilion, waiting to hear the latest news. Mr. Speedwell directed Perry to go out and search among them for any friends of his employer whom he might know by sight. Perry hesitated, and scratched his head for the second time.

"What are you waiting for?" asked the surgeon, sharply. "You know his friends by sight, don't you?"

"I don't think I shall find them outside," said Perry.

"Why not?"

"They backed him heavily, Sir—and they have all lost."

Deaf to this unanswerable reason for the absence of friends, Mr. Speedwell insisted on sending Perry out to search among the persons who composed the crowd. The trainer returned with his report. "You were right, Sir. There are some of his friends outside. They want to see him."

"Let two or three of them in."

Three came in. They stared at him. They uttered brief expressions of pity in slang. They said to Mr. Speedwell, "We wanted to see him. What is it—eh?"

"It's a break-down in his health."

"Bad training?"

"Athletic Sports."

"Oh! Thank you. Good-evening."

Mr. Speedwell's answer drove them out like a flock of sheep before a dog. There was not even time to put the question to them as to who was to take him home.

"I'll look after him, Sir," said Perry. "You can trust me."

"I'll go too," added the trainer's doctor; "and see him littered down for the night."

(The only two men who had "hedged" their bets, by privately backing his opponent, were also the only two men who volunteered to take him home!)

They went back to the sofa on which he was lying. His bloodshot eyes were rolling heavily and vacantly about him, on the search for something. They rested on the doctor—and looked away again. They turned to Mr. Speedwell—and stopped, riveted on his face. The surgeon bent over him, and said, "What is it?"

He answered with a thick accent and laboring breath—uttering a word at a time: "Shall—I—die?"

"I hope not."

"Sure?"

"No."

He looked round him again. This time his eyes rested on the trainer. Perry came forward.

"What can I do for you, Sir?"

The reply came slowly as before. "My—coat—pocket."

"This one, Sir?"

"No."

"This?"

"Yes. Book."

The trainer felt in the pocket, and produced a betting-book.

"What's to be done with this, Sir?"

"Read."

The trainer held the book before him; open at the last two pages on which entries had been made. He rolled his head impatiently from side to side of the sofa pillow. It was plain that he was not yet sufficiently recovered to be able to read what he had written.

"Shall I read for you, Sir?"

"Yes."

The trainer read three entries, one after another, without result; they had all been honestly settled. At the fourth the prostrate man said, "Stop!" This was the first of the entries which still depended on a future event. It recorded the wager laid at Windygates, when Geoffrey had backed himself (in defiance of the surgeon's opinion) to row in the University boat-race next spring—and had forced Arnold Brinkworth to bet against him.

"Well, Sir? What's to be done about this?"

He collected his strength for the effort; and answered by a word at a time.

"Write—brother—Julius. Pay—Arnold—wins."

His lifted hand, solemnly emphasizing what he said, dropped at his side. He closed his eyes; and fell into a heavy stertorous sleep. Give him his due. Scoundrel as he was, give him his due. The awful moment, when his life was trembling in the balance, found him true to the last living faith left among the men of his tribe and time—the faith of the betting-book.

Sir Patrick and Mr. Speedwell quitted the race-ground together; Geoffrey having been previously removed to his lodgings hard by. They met Arnold Brinkworth at the gate. He had, by his own desire, kept out of view among the crowd; and he decided on walking back by himself. The separation from Blanche had changed him in all his habits. He asked but two favors during the interval which was to elapse before he saw his wife again—to be allowed to bear it in his own way, and to be left alone.

Relieved of the oppression which had kept him silent while the race was in progress, Sir Patrick put a question to the surgeon as they drove home, which had been in his mind from the moment when Geoffrey had lost the day.

"I hardly understand the anxiety you showed about Delamayn," he said, "when you found that he had only fainted under the fatigue. Was it something more than a common fainting fit?"

"It is useless to conceal it now," replied Mr. Speedwell. "He has had a narrow escape from a paralytic stroke."

"Was that what you dreaded when you spoke to him at Windygates?"

"That was what I saw in his face when I gave him the warning. I was right, so far. I was wrong in my estimate of the reserve of vital power left in him. When he dropped on the race-course, I firmly believed we should find him a dead man."

"Is it hereditary paralysis? His father's last illness was of that sort."

Mr. Speedwell smiled. "Hereditary paralysis?" he repeated. "Why the man is (naturally) a phenomenon of health and strength—in the prime of his life. Hereditary paralysis might have found him out thirty years hence. His rowing and his running, for the last four years, are alone answerable for what has happened to-day."

Sir Patrick ventured on a suggestion.

"Surely," he said, "with your name to compel attention to it, you ought to make this public—as a warning to others?"

"It would be quite useless. Delamayn is far from being the first man who has dropped at foot-racing, under the cruel stress laid on the vital organs. The public have a happy knack of forgetting these accidents. They would be quite satisfied when they found the other man (who happens to have got through it) produced as a sufficient answer to me."

Anne Silvester's future was still dwelling on Sir Patrick's mind. His next inquiry related to the serious subject of Geoffrey's prospect of recovery in the time to come.

"He will never recover," said Mr. Speedwell. "Paralysis is hanging over him. How long he may live it is impossible for me to say. Much depends on himself. In his condition, any new imprudence, any violent emotion, may kill him at a moment's notice."

"If no accident happens," said Sir Patrick, "will he be sufficiently himself again to leave his bed and go out?"

"Certainly."

"He has an appointment that I know of for Saturday next. Is it likely that he will be able to keep it?"

"Quite likely."

Sir Patrick said no more. Anne's face was before him again at the memorable moment when he had told her that she was Geoffrey's wife.

ART AND MORALITY.

WE can not fail to remark, says Mr. Ruskin in a recent lecture, that it is not in the peace and purity of simple peasant life that Art is to be found; but that Art attains its highest perfection in a stage of civilization sullied by crime—that the noblest development of Art may almost be allowed to be a sure sign of a nation's approaching ruin. For Art finds its highest perfection by its contention with evil—its noblest development by its struggle with what is base and degrading—it is hence that it derives its power. The virtues of artless peasants are apparent, not real; it is their ignorance of evil and the absence of all temptation which make them virtuous. A noble nation, as it hastens on the path of progress, passes through a stage of feverish energy which increases as, step by step, it draws nearer to its perfection. At last conscience and intellect are so highly developed that new kinds of error spring up from inability to satisfy the one or to minister to the other; wealth increases, and luxury with wealth, while the arts are exponent of each phase of its growth or decline. At last the catastrophe comes, but Art does not in any way bring it about; it rather is that wealth, that root of all evil, has made all the nation's skill minister to evil purposes, and it has caused Art to do so among the rest.

Although it is true that in many great artists there has been an element of sorrow in their character, a kind of momentary despair from time to time, arising from their consciousness of the unprofitableness of their short-lived service, yet in most the motive power has been a strong instinct of duty or a hopeful love of doing with their might all that the great Master gives them to do. Art can not co-exist with what is selfish: the true artist must have an energy of love joined to an energy of order. These two instincts are necessary—the one to teach him to deal kindly with surrounding life, the other to enable him to subdue rebellious forces. All in him must be strong, and yet gentle and obedient: he must suppress no natural instinct, but only bring it into proper subjection. Anger, for instance, must not be starved, as it is too often starved in modern life. We suppress our just feeling of vengeance against evil; we make the end of punishment expediency, and not the vindicating of the majesty of Justice; we put our criminal to death, not because he deserves to die, but that he may serve as a scarecrow to prevent others doing the like.

Art, then, must always be founded on a *love of order* based on *justice*, and on a *love of beauty* based on *affection*. This latter is an essential part of all noble natures: it is the direct adversary of cruelty, avarice, mean worldly care. The intensity of all other perceptions of beauty is always commensurate with the imaginative purity of the passion of love.

The moral power of imagination is unbounded; it is on the gradual increase of the dignity of the relations existing between the sexes that the gradual increase of the imaginative faculty depends. It was imperfect among the Greeks because of the subordinate position of women and the presence of inferior passions, whereby the ethical progress of the Greek mind was arrested. In its highest form imagination gives rise to the noblest chivalry—that bulwark of honor and of patience. Its highest function is not to suppress the passions, but to exalt them to right objects.

Imagination, rightly cultivated, gives us a true knowledge of the past, a firm grasp of the present, a confident hope for the future. It is our best educator: it fills our conceptive faculty with noble thoughts when directed aright; it enables us to conquer that kingdom of our thoughts wherein lies our noblest victory. Better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

True Art, then, is never immoral—we might almost say that little else but Art is moral; for as life without industry is guilt, so industry without Art is brutality. But we must always remember that in order to be great artists we must first of all be good men; that his work only lives and prospers who hath not lift up his mind unto vanity, but steadily pursues solely what is pure and honest and of good report.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"You are quite welcome," as the empty purse said to the shilling.

An instance of distinction without a difference was offered by the Irishman who, having legs of different sizes, ordered boots to be made accordingly. His directions were obeyed; but, as he tried the smaller boot upon the larger leg, he exclaimed, indignantly: "Confound the fellow! I ordered him to make one larger than the other, and, instead of that, he has made one smaller than the other."

A quarrel on the Boulevards terminated thus one day, to the amusement of the spectators: "Monsieur, you shall give me satisfaction." Reply (amidst a peal of laughter): "Monsieur, I can not. I am a member of the Society for Protecting Animals."

"Why don't you wear your ring, my dear?" said a father, in a ball-room, to his daughter. "Because, papa, it hurts when any one squeezes my hand." "What business have you to have your hand squeezed?" "Certainly, none; but still, you know, papa, one would like to keep it in a squeezable order."

At a very successful séance the other night, a man burst into tears when the medium described very particularly a tall, blue-eyed spirit standing near with light side-whiskers, and his hair parted in the middle. "Do you know him?" inquired a by-stander, in a sympathetic whisper. "Know him; I guess I do!" replied the unhappy man, wiping his eyes. "He was engaged to my wife. If he hadn't died he would have been her husband instead of me. Oh, George, George!" he murmured, in a voice choked with emotion, "why, why did you peg out?"

An impatient Welshman called to his wife, "Come, come, isn't breakfast ready? I've had nothing since yesterday, and to-morrow will be the third day!" This is equal to the call of the stirring housewife, who aroused her maid at four o'clock with, "Come, Bridget, get up! Here 'tis Monday morning, to-morrow is Tuesday, the next day's Wednesday—half the week gone, and nothing done yet!"

A young lady of Kansas City, one of the fashionable belles, was frightened almost out of her wits a few mornings since, on discovering, snugly ensconced in her chignon, an innocent little mouse, which had crawled into, and made a bed of, that feminine adornment while its fair owner slept. Moral: Every young lady should keep a cat in her chignon.

A New London Sabbath-school teacher said to a little boy recently: "Suppose some bad, wicked boy should stop you on your way to church, and ask you to go to some bad place with him. What would you say?" "What would I say?" repeated the little wag. "I would say, 'Shoo, fly, don't bodder me;' I'm bound for Sunday-school."

Sir Watkins William Wynne, conversing with a friend about the antiquity of his family, which he carried back to Noah, was told that he was a mere mushroom. "Ay!" said he; "how so, pray?" "Why," replied the other, "when I was in Wales a pedigree of a particular family was shown to me; it filled about five large skins of parchment, and about the middle of it was a note in the margin: *About this time the world was created.*"

"Don't beat your carpets," says some kind-hearted person; "try kindness and firmness; and if that don't keep them down, send for a policeman and have them taken up."

"Why, Charlie, I am surprised to see you making faces at your mother!" Charlie brightened up at once, and retorted, "Why, I calculated to laugh, but, mamma, my face slipped."

A vulgar mason, who had become rich by the recent demolition in Paris, was anxious to marry his only son to one of the daughters of a marquis. "I wish you would let my son marry one of your girls," said he. "Certainly," said the marquis; "which does he want—the girl that waits in the kitchen, or the girl that washes?"

A poor laird of Macnab was in the habit of riding a most wretched horse to the Musselburgh races, where a young wit asked him, in a contemptuous tone, "Is that the same horse you had last year?" "No," said the laird, brandishing his whip in the interrogator's face so emphatically as to preclude further questioning—"no; but it's the same whip."

An Irishman asked a gentleman to write a letter for him. The substance of it was advice to his friend Tim O'Brien to come out to America. "Tell him, yer Honor," said Patrick, "that we have mate twice a week here." "You know very well that you get it every day," interrupted the amanuensis. "Troth, an' I do; but he would think I was foolin' him. Sure, he'd not believe me." The letter was ordered to end as follows: "I send you twenty pounds with this, to bring you over here. If you're alive, Tim, you're welcome to it; but if you're dead, you'll just send it back at onst."

A gentleman who suicided a few days ago left a note to the landlady, apologizing for making so much trouble, but stating that he must have "some place to die."

A few days ago a gentleman whose proboscis had been lost, was invited out to tea. "My dear," said the good woman of the house to her little daughter, "I want you to be very particular, and to make no remark about Mr. Jenkins's nose." Gathered about the table, every thing was going well; the child peeped about, looked rather puzzled, and at last startled the table: "Ma, why did you tell me to say nothing about Mr. Jenkins's nose? he hasn't got any."

A lady made reference the other day to Mr. Bryant's translation of Homer in the presence of an old lady, who suddenly remarked, with a look of wonder, "Why, I didn't know's th's ever but one besides Enoch translated. I can't think of his name now; but 'tain't Homer, any way."

THE FLORAL TRIBUTE TO THE NATION'S DEAD.—[DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.]

FLOWER-SELLERS IN THE MARKET AT WASHINGTON, D.C.—[DRAWN BY A. L. JACKSON.]

FIRST MUNICIPAL ELECTION IN RICHMOND SINCE THE END OF THE WAR—REGISTRATION OF COLORED VOTERS.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

A GOOD WORD FOR OLD MAIDS.

The spitefulness of an old maid has become quite a proverb, because her own disappointment makes her envious of the success of others, and she is as quick in detecting flaws as she is open-mouthed in proclaiming them. The domestic and daily life of her neighbors supplies her with food for gossip, which is said to be the *specialité* of an old maid. It has been humorously affirmed that the Kilkenny cats are a fitting type of all spinsters of a certain age, and that a contest between them affords as much sport as the greatest lover of mischief can desire.

Admitting the justice, in some instances, of the complaint that is made against old maids, and not denying that some among them are conspicuous for their *mauvaise langue*, we maintain that they have not the monopoly of it, but that married women have before now acquired a reputation for unequaled skill in backbiting and spitefulness against their fellows. We maintain also that, while admitting the evil tendency of every thing that contracts the affections, some of the pleasantest, most agreeable persons we have known, we have found in the condemned ranks of old maids. We said that it required some strong counteracting influences to neutralize the consequences of a life disappointed of what may be said to be its legitimate aims; but when these influences are in full and unfettered operation, the result is that they produce refinement and an elevation of character which is rarely found elsewhere. The discipline of life tries us all, whatever our condition may be. They who fret and strive and fight against their trials expend their strength uselessly; but they who, on the other hand, accept and make the best of them, find a grace and a strength which more than compensate for whatever suffering and weariness accompany the search after the sweetness which lies at the bottom of even the bitterest cup. The old maid who has accepted her lot without repining, who cultivates her intellect and stores her mind, who enlarges her charity by making the trials of others in some measure her own, who sees that there lies before her a large sphere of usefulness which she can pursue undistracted by domestic and family cares, is a source of blessing to herself and others. Her presence is always hailed because of its healing influence. She can allay dissensions, knowing how to speak the "soft answer that turneth away wrath." As in the still moonlight the outer world loses whatever it may have of harshness, and all things are mellowed beneath its rays, so in the presence of one who has learned lessons of patience, resignation, and unselfishness, the world's irregularities are toned down and softened, and the tumult even of undisciplined hearts is stilled.

THE HEROINE OF THE FAST NOVEL.

The alliance between luxury and lust is proverbial; and it would be strange if the enthusiastic admirers of sofas covered with black velvet, of rooms papered with pale azure hangings, silver-starred, of little sequestered beds adorned with mirrors and overhung by silver-winged angels, were not keenly alive to those feminine charms which are not expressed by the word "spiritual." Accordingly, we find our fast novelists deeply enamored of the female form, and presenting it to us as seductively as the nature of their art will admit of; and, considering that perhaps the majority of our fast novelists are themselves of the fair sex, they likewise copiously indulge in frank admiration for manly proportions. Sometimes we are presented to a stately woman—a splendid animal, the brilliancy of whose pale bright hair, and the perfect smoothness of whose great satin throat, are heightened by the richness of her creaseless black velvet, but who—cold, white, voluptuous—chills by the passionless stupor of her soul the passions her splendid physique provokes; and this agreeable description affords the narrator the opportunity of making the remark, that she is not sure whether impassioned ugliness—supposing the ugliness to be moderate, and the passion immoderate—has not more attraction for men than iced beauty. Sometimes we are admitted to the private chamber of a young lady who lies prone on her bed, the tangled riches of whose swart hair wander over her tossed pillow, and whose bare feet gleamingly emerge from her dressing-gown, while a young gentleman leans over her in passionate admiration. Even a statue is described as though it were flesh; and a lad of eighteen is represented as telling of the subtle emotion which the contemplation of a copy of the Venus Anadyomene excited in him—how he caressed the crossed arms, gazed on her undulating bosom and her pear-shaped breast, and pictured her to himself with her perfect limbs raised by the moving veil of cool waters. Sometimes, "the fairest of God's works, a beautiful woman," steps out from her dressing-room on to her balcony afront the sea, with a goodly number of spectators below and on a line with her. The wind lifts the warm-colored auburn hair that floats over her shoulders, and flutters the lace sleeves that hang loosely about her round white arms. Perceiving that a gentleman in a neighboring balcony is admiring her, with a voluptuous grace of manner she flings back the lace sleeves still farther, and sends a great float of warm hair down to her waist. All her movements are declared to say, in plain language, "Do you not see that I am lovely? In the soft shadows of my satin petticoat a tiny foot is tipped over its fellow, disclosing the most delicate of ankles. Does not the roundness of my arms and the wealth of my hair attract you irresistibly?" When such bewitching creatures ride, there is always a wind that blows their habit closer to their figures. When a man enters the room, their first thought is, "There's a perfect figure, lithe, and well-knit." They always carefully select their seats, for they are good judges of effect, and know how alluring they seem when the dazzling whiteness of their bust and arms *are* (for such is almost invariably the notion of grammar entertained by our voluptuaries) brought into relief by dark crimson settees, and when the half-averted head shows the exquisite contour of the throat. They are of opinion that five-foot-ten in a man is, "for all practical purposes," better than six-foot; and their comments on a successful sister are, that "she has a thundering good figure, and knows how to use her eyes."

JAPANESE CULTURE.

The Japanese are a cultivated people, with letters and literature partly of Chinese origin, but modified, in order to adapt them to Japanese use. They have also a distinct national history; and their literature, though not rich in philosophical disquisitions, abounds in legends, in fables, in satirical descriptions. The Japanese have also highly developed artistic tastes; and painting, drawing, and sculpture are followed as distinct professions. The Japanese drawing does not always satisfy European exigencies with regard to perspective; but the coloring is brilliant; and in Japanese sketches, whether of plants or animals, people or landscape, there is a breadth, life, and truth which many European artists of much higher pretensions might envy. In fact, the best notions that we can obtain of Japanese life and its surroundings are to be derived from the numerous sketches by Japanese artists which exist, and which represent the people pursuing their daily occupations. The Japanese have what the Chinese seem to be deficient in, a strong sense of humor; and this they exhibit in a very striking manner in their sketches, in which human beings are represented by typical animals. Thus, sketches may be seen in which an old priest is represented as a wolf, a group of Buddhist nuns as weasels, and a company of rats acting as rice merchants.

The artistic tastes of the people and their love of nature are both illustrated by their passion for flowers, and by the skill with which they are cultivated. No feast is considered perfect without flowers, and flower-shows meet with as much approbation in Japan as in this country. The Japanese gardeners exhibit great skill in the arts of raising new varieties of flowers, of grafting plants, so that different flowers and leaves grow in what appear to be branches of the same plant; and they are, above all, learned in the manufacture of dwarfed plants, which are in great request as house ornaments. The Japanese delight in gardens, and they lay out small pieces of ground with wonderful skill, contriving to "give ample space to narrow bounds" with much ingenuity. The vast *enceinte* of Yeddo incloses much garden ground, and the people make at least three definite excursions to the suburbs at different times of the year, to see with their own eyes how the seasons progress. These excursions are often made as picnics, in which merry family groups take part. The Japanese have also a great fondness for aquaria; every house possesses one, and an aquarium, with small fish in it, is a very common object to be seen in houses.

MONKEY HUMORS.

What a wealth of humor is comprised in the phrase, "A wilderness of monkeys!" What endless fun, what fresh comedy, what brilliant farce, what infinity of by-play and private jesting, quite beyond the reach of our most popular comedians, is being forever enacted in those leafy theatres where they hold their untiring revels! How little are they dependent on the stimulus of a sympathetic audience, how free from the vulgarity of playing at the gallery, how careless about splitting the ears of the groundlings, how careful always to hold the mirror up to nature and to man! Hamlet could have given them no advice that would have been of service. On the contrary, they would have been spoiled by being "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought"—a metaphysical monkey, mooning over his barren philosophy, would sit in dismal discord with the surrounding fun. Even in captivity the merry race cultivate the drama. One holiday last summer we witnessed, in the monkey-house in the Regent's Park, a piece, the serious cast of which was, on Shakspearean principles, relieved by passages of lighter matter. Perched on their poles, engaged in mutual friendly investigation, or swinging airily on ropes, the community was unusually quiet, while a female monkey, not the least of whose attractions was a roseate flush which spread itself over part of her else russet-gray person, was engaged in deep flirtation with a cavalier whose nether-monkey was of a tender green, shading into gold. The impassioned Romeo, chattering voluble protestations, followed the coy but loquacious Juliet, while that *lasciva puella* pelted him in retiring with orange-peel, nut-shells, and straws, till they arrived beneath a branch along which lay extended another monkey, who watched the pair attentively. He may have been a rival, like the County Paris, or a dissatisfied relative, like Tybalt, or possibly he may have resented as an injury and a slight any preference of other attractions to his own; for he presented to the curious eye some embellishments of brilliant azure. Be that as it may, without the slightest warning, he dropped like a plummet on the enamored pair, and, seizing Romeo, bit him in his gorgeous hinder parts. The injured swain, turning with an appalling grin, grappled his assailant. Juliet fled, shrieking, and her outcries, mingling with the noise of combat, conveyed the tidings of the strife to all the cage, and "spread the truth from pole to pole." Thereupon all the other monkeys, leaving their own private concerns, vaulted from rope and perch toward the scene of action, where, with shrill clamor, they precipitated themselves on the combatants, and joined in a general fray; while an elderly and morose baboon, delayed by age and infirmity, arrived rather later, and, armed with a stick, belabored all indiscriminately who came within his reach. Shortly after, we beheld, in a neighboring cage, a monkey, of dark attenuated figure, clinging with hands and feet, like a gigantic hairy spider, to the wire roof, apparently absorbed in meditation, while his tail hung perpendicularly down to the length of about a yard. This appendage offered irresistible attractions to a friend upon a neighboring rope, who, after long earnestly surveying it as he swung, reached it in one wild leap, and, grasping it with both hands, proceeded to use it as the vehicle of an animated gymnastic performance. The sage above, nowise discomposed, slowly turned his head, and, after a patronizing glance at the pendent acrobat, resumed the thread of his meditations. Possibly this was intended as a practical illustration of the feat known to logicians as "jumping at a conclusion."

BEAUTY UNDER A CLOUD

May be relieved from any blemish caused by ordinary eruptions, such as pimples, cold sores, scurf, or what is called muddiness of the complexion, by a course of Stafford's Iron and Sulphur Powders. They act upon these disfigurements and discolorations in the venous blood—their operation being exactly reverse of the suppressive washes and lotions, all of which are more or less dangerous. Instead of driving the impurities back into the system, to reappear in other parts of the body and in more virulent forms, the Powders cause them to be exhaled through the pores.

Sold by druggists. 1 Package, 12 Powders, $1; 3 Packages, $2 50. Mailed free. Money sent at our risk.—Hall & Ruckel, 218 Greenwich Street, N. Y.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

"For more than twelve years a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine has been in constant use in my family, and it has given complete satisfaction. My wife considers it invaluable in the family, as by it all kinds of work can be done, the finest fabrics as well as the coarsest, with equal facility. After long experience of its excellences, we cordially recommend it to our friends as an almost indispensable article, that in a few years will more than pay its cost."—
—Joseph Castle, P. E., Central Philadelphia District of the M. E. Church.

Glittering Teeth.—Not only does Sozodont impart the *whiteness* of the purest porcelain to the teeth, but its *polish*, too. They glisten, after being brushed with it, like the inner surface of an ocean shell, and the effect of this peerless dentifrice is to render the enamel as hard and indestructible as adamant.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

RUPTURE

Cured by Dr. Sherman's Patent Appliance or Rupture Curative, without the injury experienced from the use of trusses. Pamphlets illustrating bad cases of Rupture, before and after cure, with other information of interest to the ruptured, mailed on receipt of ten cents. Address
Dr. J. A. SHERMAN, 697 *Broadway, N. Y.*

WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.—Minnesota as it is, in 1870, with Maps, $1 75. The two Great Books of Nature and Revelation; or, The Cosmos and the Logos; by George Field; $2 50. The Natural History of the Human Races, by J. P. Jeffries, $4. Talks to my Patients, with hints on getting well and keeping well, by Mrs. Gleason, $1 50. Mayhew's University Book-keeping, $2 50. American Drawing-Book, by Chapman, new edition, $6. Three Years in a Mad-House in Penn., and the History of Old Bedlam, London, $2. The Scientific Basis of Education Demonstrated, with an Analysis of the Temperaments and of Phrenological Facts, by John Hecker, $3. All works on Short-Hand or Phonography, Mechanism, including all books of H. Cary Baird; works on Physiology, Hygiene, Anatomy, &c., supplied by
S. R. WELLS, at 389 Broadway, New York.

PAIN KILLER
PROP.
PERRY DAVIS & SON PROVIDENCE R.I.
1840 1870

After *thirty years'* trial, the "Pain Killer" may justly be styled the great medicine of the world, for there is no region of the globe into which it has not found its way, and none where it has not been largely used and highly prized. Moreover, there is no clime to which it has not proved itself to be well adapted for the cure of a considerable variety of diseases; it is a speedy and safe remedy for burns, scalds, cuts, bruises, wounds, and various other injuries, as well as for dysentery, diarrhœa, and bowel complaints generally. It is admirably suited for every race of men on the face of the globe. [*June* 4, 1870.

FURNITURE of every description, and Hard Wood Doors, Mantels, Mirror Frames and Wainscotting on hand or made to order, at reasonable prices. G. L. & J. B. KELTY & CO., Importers and Manufacturers, 661 Broadway, New York.
Curtain Store at 447 Broadway, near Howard St.

REMOVAL.

S. W. GEERY & CO. will remove to southeast corner of 34th Street and Broadway, 1st of May. Importers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Teas, Wines, Cigars, and
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,
Formerly I. & W. Geery, Established in 1804. No. 719 Broadway, New York.
The selection of Choice Teas and Old Wines has been the special business of this house for years.
Constantly on hand, a full assortment of every thing appertaining to the Grocery Trade. Catalogues sent by mail. Orders will be called for (in the city) every morning, if desired.
Goods shipped to all parts of the country.

Use None but THE BEST!!
TRADE MARK

OX AND SHEEP

SOUPS AND BEEF TEA FOR THE MILLION.
Strengthening Nourishment! Economy in House-keeping!! LIEBIG'S COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT, the same that received the highest prizes at Paris, Havre, and Amsterdam, and that is supplied to the British, French, Russian, Prussian, and other Governments. None genuine without the signatures of Baron Liebig, the inventor, and of Dr. Max Von Pettenkofer, delegate, on every jar.
J. MILHAU'S SONS, Company's Agents, 183 Broadway, New York. For sale every where.

A GREAT OFFER!!
HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of ONE HUNDRED PIANOS, MELODEONS, and ORGANS, of six first-class makers, including Chickering & Sons, at *Extremely Low Prices, for Cash*, during this month, or will take from $5 to $25 monthly until paid.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE 41ST VOLUME.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR JUNE, 1870.

Contents:

JOTTINGS AND JOURNEYINGS IN SPAIN.
Illustrations.—Arcadie en Espagne.—The Railway Carriage.—On the Promenade, Madrid.—A Flirtation in a way-side Posada.—A Mother invoking a Blessing on her Child.—Starting of the Coach from the Posada.—Fountain of Cybele on the Prado.—A Street Peddler.—The Cripples.—Spanish Beggars.—Fountains of the Prado.—The Royal Armory.—The Pantheon in the Escorial.
THE MYSTERIES OF A THUNDER-SHOWER.
Illustrations.—The Electric Spark.—Hygrometer of Saussure.—Hygrometer of Monnier.—The Monk.—Strati.—Cirri.—Strati and Cirri among the Mountains.—Cumuli.—The Nimbus.—Development of Electricity through the Condensation of Steam.—Armstrong's Machine.—Effects of the Discharge.—Electric Ramifications.—Lightning striking a Tree.—The Coast Guard.—Disruption of Glass.—The Natural Lightning-Rod.—Fulgurite.—Lightning attracted by Streams upon the Ground.
TWO MOODS.
FREDERICK THE GREAT.—VII. The Campaign of Mollwitz.
Illustrations.—Frederick on the Field of Baumgarten.—The Assault on Glogau.—Map illustrating the Mollwitz Campaign.—The Night before Mollwitz.—Plan of Battle of Mollwitz.—Flight of Frederick.—Frederick at the Mill.
VANITY OF VANITIES.
THE ROB ROY ON THE JORDAN.
Illustrations.—At Home on the Rob Roy.—A Lark on Lake Menzaleh.—Flamingoes taking Wing.—A Night on Lake Menzaleh.—Slave Children at Cairo.—The Rob Roy on Lebanon.—Source of the Abana.—Gorge of the Abana.—The Ateibeh Marsh.—Stone Door in Bashan.—Hooleh Architecture.—The Rob Roy a Prize.—Raft on Lake Hooleh.—A Storm on Gennesareth.
THE HOT CURRENT OF THE ATLANTIC.—A New Theory of its Fountain and Flood.
Illustrations.—A Submarine Volcanic Eruption.—Phosphorescent Sea.—The Drift of the Gulf Stream.—Basin of the North Atlantic.—Vertical Section of the North Atlantic.
TRANSMUTATION.
THE RUNNING TURF IN AMERICA.
WAMPUNSUNG GAP.
WINE IN AMERICA AND AMERICAN WINE.
FAREWELL TO MAY.
A STORY OF SIX WEEKS.
BORDER REMINISCENCES. By General R. B. Marcy.
ANTEROS. By the Author of "Guy Livingstone," etc.
THE GAMING-TABLE.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
EDITOR'S LITERARY RECORD.
EDITOR'S SCIENTIFIC RECORD.
EDITOR'S HISTORICAL RECORD.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.

The June Number commences the *Forty-first Volume* of Harper's Magazine. The Magazine contains from fifty to one hundred per cent. more matter, and is more profusely illustrated, than any other monthly periodical in America or England. The unparalleled success of the Magazine is due to the popular character and variety of its contents; to the enterprise of the Publishers in securing for its pages, at any cost, the best literary contributions of English and American authors; to its richly-illustrated articles of Travel and Exploration; to its carefully-prepared papers on Scientific and Historic subjects, and upon the Mechanical Improvements of the age; and to the variety and interest of its several Editorial Departments. For the *Editor's Scientific Record*, the co-operation of members of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington has been secured.

TERMS for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.
Magazine, One Copy for One Year......$4 00
Weekly, One Copy for One Year...... 4 00
Bazar, One Copy for One Year...... 4 00
Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, and Harper's Bazar, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00.

Genuine Irish Poplins.

INGLIS & TINCKLER,

Irish Poplin Manufacturers,

7 & 8 Eustace Street, Dublin,

Respectfully intimate that they have opened an establishment at 167 REGENT STREET, LONDON, for the sale of their superior Irish Poplins; the stock is large and well assorted, comprising all the different makes in Irish Poplin, while the prices are the same as those charged in Dublin. At the desire of numerous customers, a well-selected stock of real Balbriggan Hosiery is also kept, so that visitors to England can now purchase both these articles in London with the certainty of getting them genuine and at Dublin prices.

Please Note Address:

167 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

PAYNE'S IMPROVED, OR THE COMMON SENSE

FRUIT PRESERVER!

The above cut represents an improved apparatus for **Preserving by Steam,** Fruits, Vegetables, &c.; an arrangement regarded by scientific judges as the most *complete* for that purpose ever offered to the public. Its construction is perfectly simple and easy to manage. Six or more jars can in as many minutes be preserved, with one-fourth the labor and fuel usually required by any other process. The fruits retain all their **Solidity, Flavor & Beauty,** requiring *no sugar*, unless preferred. As a practical fruit-packer, the inventor speaks advisedly. When perfect jars are used (those represented in the cut, with **Mason's** *Union and Standard*, are regarded by him as among the best), and our directions followed, success *is guaranteed!* **Price of Preservers:** Single pipe, $3; two pipes, $4; four pipes, $5; 6 pipes, $6.

Liberal arrangements made with the trade and good canvassers. For particulars, address

WILLIAMS & CHASE, 35 Park Place, N. Y. City.

THE NOVELTY JOB PRINTING-PRESS is the best and cheapest press ever made with which to **DO YOUR OWN PRINTING**, and is second to none for the use of **General Job Printers.** Incomparably the best present that could be made to a boy or girl. **Price of Presses, $15, $30, $32, $50.** Send for full Circular, with testimonials and specimens of type and printing, to **BENJ. O. WOODS**, Manufacturer, 351 FEDERAL ST., BOSTON, MASS., or to C. C. THURSTON, 16 College Place, New York; KELLY, HOWELL, & LUDWIG, 917 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.; A. C. KELLOGG, 68 West Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill. "The press gives entire satisfaction."—*J. A. Walker, Pensacola, Fla.* "Equal to any other press in its ability to do good work."—*American Union, Macon, Ga.* "Has supplied that long-felt want—a simple, strong, well-finished, and low-priced press."—*John Cussons, Glen Allen, Va.* "It does all that it is promised to do."—*Enterprise, McMinnville, Tenn.*

HARTSHORN'S

PATENT

Shade Rollers.

NO CORDS OR BALANCES USED.

FOR WINDOWS, AWNINGS, CARRIAGES, ETC.

For sale by all upholsterers. The trade are invited to send for models and price-lists. Orders filled only through the trade.

STEWART HARTSHORN,

Manufacturer, 62 Centre St., New York.

LIVELY READING.—Marvels of Memory; Help Yourself; London Beggars; Is it Safe for Women to Appear Alone in Public? My Brother Sam and his Boys; The Mother of 100,000 Children; My Neighbors; Personal Hygiene; To Dahomey and Back; Which Way does the Wind Blow? The Randall Testimonial; Journalism of the Future—in PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND PACKARD'S MONTHLY for June. Only 30 cents. Newsmen have it.

S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

Fishing in American Waters.

Opening of the Season for Angling and Fish-Farming. To the angler or the fish-culturist Scott's book on "Fishing in American Waters" will prove a real *vade mecum* in every thing about angling and breeding fishes.

Sent throughout the United States, postpaid, for $3 50.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

BOOSEY'S FIFTY-CENT PIANO-FORTE TUTOR.—The best and cheapest modern tutor. Forty-four pages, full music size. Price Fifty Cents. Simple to learn from, easy to teach by. Tutors for singing, men's and ladies' voices, flute, clarionet, cornet, violin, concertina, cabinet organ, &c., each Fifty Cents. Each method complete, and written by the most eminent professors, including Balfe, Hatton, Pratten, &c. A new catalogue, free, of the cheapest and largest collection of modern music in the world. BOOSEY & CO., No. 4 Bond St., N. Y.

Removed from 644 Broadway.

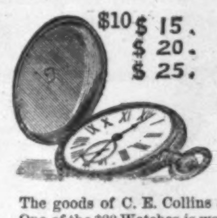
PRINTING.

This Company will do *all work* at these prices:—Composition, 58c. per 1000 ems; Press-Work, 70c. per 1000. Best Rag Paper, $4 a Ream. 25-page Law Cases, printed, bound, and delivered, for $20. We are receiving orders from all quarters. Parties in any city of the Union, having large jobs of printing (Pamphlets, Almanacs, Circulars, Cards, &c.), are requested to send their orders, or apply for estimates, to us.

COMPETITION PRINTING CO.,
21 Park Row, New York.

MODEL HOUSES!—Are you going to build? Descriptive circulars of Plans, Views, &c., sent free. Address GEO. J. COLBY, Architect, Waterbury, Vt.

$25 A DAY! 40 new articles for Agents. Samples sent *free*. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.



The celebrated IMITATION GOLD HUNTING WATCHES, "Collins Metal" (Improved Oroide).—These justly-celebrated Watches have been so thoroughly tested during the last four years, and their reputation for time and as imitations of Gold Watches is so well established as to require no recommendations. Prices:—Full-Jeweled Patent Levers, $15, equal in appearance and for time to gold ones costing $150. Those of extra fine finish, $20, equal to $200 gold ones. We are also making an extra heavy and extra fine watch, full-jeweled patent lever, equaling in appearance a $250 gold watch. For these magnificent watches we charge only $25. All our watches fully guaranteed by special certificate. All our watches are in hunting cases, gents' and ladies' sizes. Chains, Collins Metal, $2 to $8. Also, all kinds of Jewelry, equal to gold, at one-tenth the price.

The Collins Metal is the best imitation of gold we have seen.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The goods of C. E. Collins & Co. have invariably given satisfaction.—*N. Y. Times.*

One of the $20 Watches is worn in our office, and we have no hesitation in recommending them.—*Pomeroy's Democrat.*

TO CLUBS.—Where Six watches are ordered at one time, we send a Seventh watch free. Goods sent by express to all parts of the United States, to be paid for on delivery.

C. E. COLLINS & CO., No. 335 Broadway, New York.

The Popular Tonic of the Age.

The day has gone by when a medicine without merit could command and retain the confidence of the world. Advertising induces the public to try many things, but in this shrewd and thoughtful age words will not suffice without proofs, and it is by the exercise of their private judgment men determine the relative value of the various articles recommended to their notice through the columns of newspapers.

HOSTETTER'S

STOMACH BITTERS

has now been subjected to this searching ordeal for more than eighteen years, and the result is that it stands at the head of the class of remedies to which it belongs. It has distanced and lived down innumerable competitors, and is to-day the Standard Vegetable Tonic of the western world. The happy effects which have followed its use in cases of dyspepsia, biliousness, nervous affections, intermittent fevers, and general debility, and as a constitutional invigorant, have entitled it to universal confidence. Nothing can ever shake its reputation, for it is based on the individual experiences of tens of thousands of witnesses, embracing prominent and well-known citizens of every profession, occupation, and class. There is not a city, town, or settlement in the United States where it is not a medicinal staple. No druggist or general dealer would consider his stock complete without it, and the returns of the internal revenue department show that its sales exceed those of any other proprietary restorative manufactured on this side of the Atlantic. The beneficial results derived during a long series of years from the use of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS have convinced the whole community that the only true way to restore to health a broken-down debilitated system, or to put the body on its defense when exposed to unwholesome influences, is to *invigorate*, *regulate*, and *purify* it at one and the same time.

Taking the Oath.

ROGERS'

GROUPS OF STATUARY.

These groups, suitable for wedding presents or ornament, will be delivered, with all express charges prepaid, at any point east of the Mississippi, on receipt of the price, viz., from $10 to $25. Send for illustrated Catalogue and Price-List, to JOHN ROGERS,

212 Fifth Ave., New York.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

With one of our presses, and the material accompanying it, every man can do his own printing, thus saving much time and expense. Circulars containing full information about these Presses, prices, recommendations, &c., mailed free on application. Specimen-books of types, cuts, borders, &c., &c., 10 cents. ADAMS PRESS CO., 53 Murray Street, New York.

DRAWING INSTRUMENTS,

Such as Dividers, Pens, Bow Pens, Protractors, and Scales, at very reduced prices. Also, Transits, Compasses, Microscopes, Spy-Glasses, Steel Tape Measures, &c.

A priced Catalogue sent on receipt of Ten cents.

W. Y. McALLISTER,
728 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

A GREAT CHANCE FOR AGENTS! $75 to $200 a month. We want to employ a good agent in every County in the U. S., on commission or salary, to introduce our *World-Renowned Patent White-Wire Clothes Lines;* will last 100 years. If you want profitable and pleasant employment, address HUDSON RIVER WIRE CO., 75 *William St., N. Y., or 16 Dearborn St., Chicago.*

CHRISTIAN UNITY AND CHRISTIAN COURTESY.—The Protestant Episcopal Church in America, described in the June No. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. It is rich and racy. Only 30 cts., or $3 a year. Address S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N.Y.

ORIENTAL MOTH POWDER

Preserves Carpets and all woolen goods from moths or other insects. Can also be used as a *sachet perfume.* Sample package sent by mail on receipt of 50 cts. C. B. WOODWORTH & SON, Rochester, N. Y.

MITCHELL'S COMBINATION KEROSENE COOKING STOVE.—Only One Cent to cook your breakfast. Send for descriptive circular. State and county rights for sale.

R. B. MITCHELL, Chicago, Ill.

VINEGAR.—HOW MADE FROM CIDER, WINE, Molasses, or Sorghum, in 10 hours, without using drugs. For circulars, address F. I. SAGE, Vinegar Maker, Cromwell, Conn.

CURL YOUR HAIR!

A BOTTLE of MAGNETIC CURLIQUE sent FREE. It curls straight hair in beautiful curls ON THE FIRST APPLICATION. Address, with Stamp,

PROF. NORTH, Parkman, Ohio.

$100 to $250 *per Month guaranteed. Sure pay.* Wages paid weekly to Agents every where, selling our *Patent Silver-Mould White-Wire Clothes Lines.* Business permanent. For full particulars, address GIRARD WIRE MILLS, Philadelphia, Pa.

W. D. WILSON & CO., 327 Pearl St., N. Y., furnish Printing Ink for *Harper's Weekly* and *Bazar.*

$20 PRIZE to every $3 Subscriber! Samples *free.* WESTERN WORLD, New York.

$60 A WEEK paid agents in a new business. Address SACO NOVELTY CO., Saco, Me.

$250 a Month, with Stencil and Key-Check Dies. Don't fail to secure Circular and Samples, free. Address S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt.

The New Books of the Spring,

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *Sent by Mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

THE HISTORY OF HORTENSE, Daughter of Josephine, Queen of Holland, Mother of Napoleon III. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT, Author of "The French Revolution," "History of Napoleon Bonaparte," &c. With Engravings. 16mo, Cloth, $1 20. *Uniform with Abbotts' Illustrated Histories.*

THE VICAR OF BULLHAMPTON. A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, Author of "The Bertrams," "Castle Richmond," "Framley Parsonage," "Orley Farm," "Small House at Allington," &c. With Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, $1 25; Cloth, $1 75.

CHRISTIANITY AND GREEK PHILOSOPHY; or, the Relation between Spontaneous and Reflective Thought in Greece and the Positive Teaching of Christ and His Apostles. By B. F. COCKER, D.D., Professor of Moral and Mental Philosophy in the University of Michigan. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 75.

MISS VAN KORTLAND. A Novel. By the Author of "My Daughter Elinor." 8vo, Paper, $1 00.

YONGE'S ENGLISH-GREEK LEXICON. An English-Greek Lexicon. By C. D. YONGE. With many New Articles, an Appendix of Proper Names, and Pillon's Greek Synonyms. To which is prefixed an Essay on the Order of Words in Attic-Greek Prose, by Charles Short, LL.D., Professor of Latin in Columbia College, N. Y. Edited by HENRY DRISLER, LL.D., Professor of Greek in Columbia College, Editor of "Liddell and Scott's Greek-English Lexicon," &c. 8vo, Sheep extra, $7 00.

BENEATH THE WHEELS. A Romance. By the Author of "Olive Varcoe." 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

THE LIFE OF COUNT BISMARCK, Private and Political. With Descriptive Notices of his Ancestry. By Dr. GEORGE HESEKIEL. Translated and Edited, with an Introduction, Explanatory Notes, and Appendices, by KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE, F.S.A., F.A.S.L. With upward of 100 Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. JOHN SCUDDER, M.D., Thirty-six Years Missionary in India. By Rev. J. B. WATERBURY, D.D. With Portrait of Dr. Scudder. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

BAFFLED; or, Michael Brand's Wrong. A Novel. By JULIA GODDARD, Author of "Joyce Dormer's Story," "The Search for the Gral," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS. By AN OLD BOY. New Edition. With numerous Illustrations by Arthur Hughes and Sidney Prior Hall. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

SELF-HELP; with Illustrations of Character, Conduct, and Perseverance. By SAMUEL SMILES, Author of "The Life of the Stephensons," "History of the Huguenots," &c. A Revised and Enlarged Edition. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

BAZAR BOOK OF DECORUM. The Care of the Person, Manners, Etiquette, and Ceremonials. 16mo, Toned Paper, Cloth, Beveled Edges, $1 00.

DEBENHAM'S VOW. A Novel. By AMELIA B. EDWARDS, Author of "Barbara's History," "Half a Million of Money," "Miss Carew," &c., &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. History of the American Civil War. By JOHN W. DRAPER, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York. In Three Vols. *Vol. III. just ready.* 8vo, Cloth, $3 50 per vol.

A BRAVE LADY. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," &c. With Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

CYCLOPÆDIA OF BIBLICAL, THEOLOGICAL, AND ECCLESIASTICAL LITERATURE. By Rev. JOHN M'CLINTOCK, D.D., and JAMES STRONG, S.T.D. With Maps and numerous Illustrations. To be completed in about Six Volumes, Royal 8vo, of about One Thousand Pages each. Vols. I., II., and III., comprising the Letters A to G, are now ready. The remaining Volumes are in progress. Price, per Volume, Cloth, $5 00; Sheep, $6 00; Half Morocco, $8 00.

SKETCHES OF CREATION: a Popular View of some of the Grand Conclusions of the Sciences in reference to the History of Matter and of Life. Together with a Statement of the Intimations of Science respecting the Primordial Condition and the Ultimate Destiny of the Earth and the Solar System. By ALEXANDER WINCHELL, LL.D., Professor of Geology, Zoology, and Botany in the University of Michigan, and Director of the State Geological Survey. With Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

THE ANDES AND THE AMAZON; or, Across the Continent of South America. By JAMES ORTON, M.A., Professor of Natural History in Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and Corresponding Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia. With a New Map of Equatorial America and numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 00.

TENNYSON'S COMPLETE POEMS. With numerous Illustrations and Three Characteristic Portraits. New Edition, containing several Poems not hitherto included in the collected editions of his writings, and with the Idyls of the King arranged in the order indicated by the Author. *35th Thousand.* 8vo, Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, $1 00.

MISS MITFORD'S LIFE AND LETTERS. The Life of Mary Russell Mitford, Authoress of "Our Village, &c." Told by Herself in Letters to Her Friends. With Anecdotes and Sketches of her most celebrated Contemporaries. Edited by Rev. A. G. K. L'ESTRANGE. 2 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $3 50.

WILD SPORTS OF THE WORLD: a Book of Natural History and Adventure. By JAMES GREENWOOD, Author of "The Adventures of Reuben Davidger," "The True History of a Little Ragamuffin," "The Seven Curses of London," &c. With 147 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

THE PERIODICALS WHICH THE HARPERS PUBLISH ARE ALMOST IDEALLY WELL EDITED.—The Nation, N. Y.

The young lady who buys a single number of HARPER'S BAZAR is made a subscriber for life.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Harper's Bazar.

A REPOSITORY OF

FASHION, PLEASURE, AND INSTRUCTION.

HARPER'S BAZAR has gained a success the most rapid and wonderful ever known in the annals of journalism, and is recognized as the best and most attractive family paper ever issued. As an illustrated chronicler of Fashion it is without a rival in this country. By a special arrangement, involving great expense, with the publishers of the Berlin *Bazar*—the leading journal of fashion in Europe—its fashion-plates are published in New York simultaneously with their appearance in Berlin and Paris.

A large portion of the BAZAR is every week devoted to instructive and entertaining reading-matter—Stories, Poems, Biographical Sketches, and Gossip. The Editorial articles are always spicy, and cover every topic of social interest. No effort and no expense will be spared to permanently secure for this journal the victory which it has won so rapidly, and which it so well deserves.

We have made arrangements to supply the readers of the BAZAR with cut paper Patterns of the beautiful single Costumes which we give from time to time outside our Supplement, and which are prepared by the best Parisian dressmakers, in conjunction with good artists, with a view to making fashions truly artistic. These patterns, so carefully adjusted that they can be used by the most inexperienced, will be sent by mail, prepaid, on the receipt of Twenty-five Cents for the entire costume. Newsdealers supplied at the usual discount.

In the BAZAR for April 16 was commenced "*The Cryptogram,*" a serial story of thrilling interest, by the Author of "Cord and Creese," "The Dodge Club," &c., profusely illustrated.

Published Weekly, with profuse Illustrations.

"A complete Pictorial History of the Times."

Harper's Weekly.

HARPER'S WEEKLY is an illustrated record of, and a commentary upon all the important events of the time. Due attention is also given to topics of especial and local interest. The best artists in the country are constantly engaged in the department of Illustration, and the Publishers are also largely indebted to photographers in all the large cities of America, Europe, and the East for prompt and valuable contributions.

As a Literary Journal, HARPER'S WEEKLY is recognized as the only illustrated newspaper which has ever succeeded in establishing and maintaining a claim to pre-eminence.

The Editorial matter of HARPER'S WEEKLY constitutes one of its most prominent features; it includes weekly articles upon National Politics, Finance, Commerce, and Miscellaneous topics.

Published Weekly, with profuse Illustrations.

The most popular Monthly in the world.—*N. Y. Observer.*

The Best Monthly Periodical, not in this country alone, but in the English language.—*The Press*, Phila.

Harper's Magazine.

The June Number begins the *Forty-first Vol.* of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. Its success hitherto—unrivaled by that of any other monthly periodical in Europe or America—has been due to the popular character and variety of its contents; to the enterprise of its Publishers in securing for its pages, at any cost, the best literary contributions of English and American writers; to its profusely-illustrated articles of Travel and Exploration; to the promptness, authenticity, and popular treatment of its papers upon scientific subjects, upon the mechanical improvements of the age, and upon current topics; and to the variety and interest of its special Editorial Departments—to which recently a new one has been added, viz., the Monthly Scientific Record. The elements upon which the past success of the Magazine has depended will still continue to be its leading characteristics; and its Publishers are confident that with increased attention to the wants of the reading public they will be able to enhance even its present popularity.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from fifty to one hundred per cent. more matter than any similar periodical issued in the English language. Thus the ample space at the disposal of its Publishers will enable them to treat fully of all the topics embraced in their plan.

Published Monthly, with profuse Illustrations.

TERMS for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year......$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Year...... 4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, One Year...... 4 00

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, to one address, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00.

The Postage within the United States is for the MAGAZINE 24 cents a year, for the WEEKLY or BAZAR 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the MAGAZINE, or 20 cents for the WEEKLY or BAZAR, to prepay the United States postage.

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY and BAZAR commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

When the subscriber's address is to be changed, both the old and new one must be given. It is not necessary to give notice of discontinuance.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine.—Whole Page, $250; Half Page, $125; Quarter Page, $70—each insertion; or, for a less space, $1 50 per Line, each insertion.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $1 50 per Line; Outside Page, $2 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.